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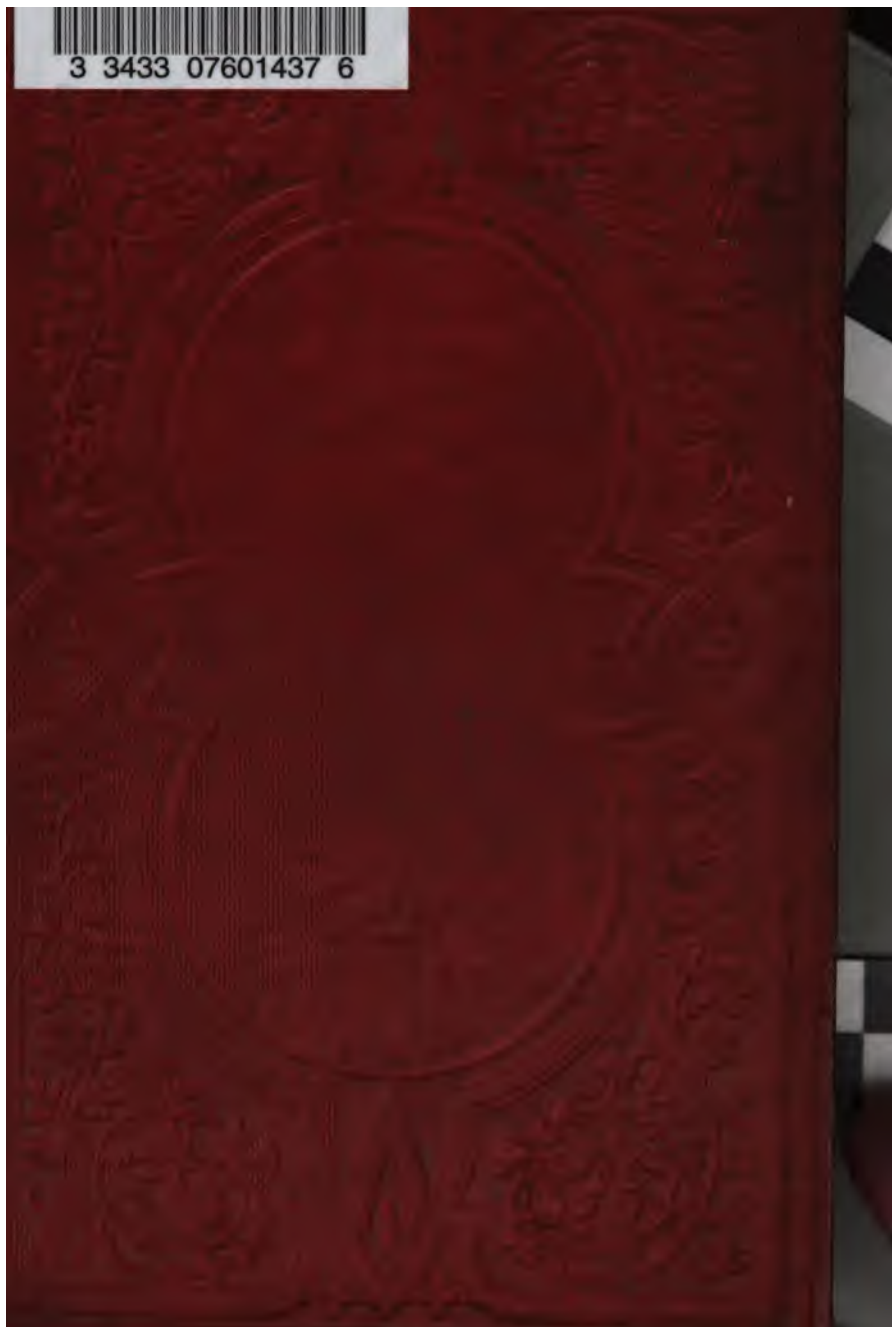
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1 American Literature 1865-1914

J. B. Thurston

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"We were found sitting by the side of the dead, the dripping head laid carefully in our arms."—*The Wolf.*

HOUSEHOLD SCENES
FOR
THE HOME CIRCLE:

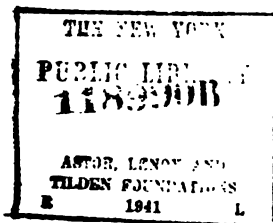
A Gift for a friend.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY COFFIN—ENGRAVED BY H. ORR.

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1854.

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GIFT BOOK FOR A FRIEND.



Mabel;

A REVERIE OF EARLY DAYS.

BY T. W. BROWN.

THOUGH chained to the oar of life editorial, yet even there the mind forgets its weariness, breaks away, and revels in brief but happy dreams.

From our window we look out over the fields and hills, and upward to the blue sky which stretches away like an ocean at rest, its cloud-waves beating silently upon the shores of eternity. In all that wide expanse there is but one light cloud, of delicate tracery and dazzling whiteness. It floats like a creation of gossamer wing—a fleecy craft, beautiful enough to bear good angels through the bright world of space.

Slowly the cloud drifts on. It has passed the window, and its snowy streamer is gone from the view. And so drift away our dreams of happiness from the window of life.

So come floating back the shadowy forms of memory over the misty sea of the past. Some are like angels, walking upon the waters; others like storm-spectres, sweeping with angry flight back to a heart which would forget them.

Away on the sloping hill-side, near the little clump of maples, stands the school-house. The descending sun sends back a flood of golden light, and the windows glow like burnished flames. All is still upon the landscape. As we have watched that weather-beaten structure, fountains have been unsealed in the inmost heart, and we have thought and wept. An ecstasy of sadness, to use the term, bears us away; and though a tear has fallen upon our nib, we would not turn away from the thoughts which, like the bright cloud just gone, drift across the heart where they have been so long and sacredly kept.

There is a vision passing before us, but of more sunshine than shadow. It is a bright dream of happiness — of the bright spring of childhood, with its music of birds and streams, its gorgeous wreath of flowers, its green wood-lands and meadows, its sky whose clouds were beautiful, and its streams which were always bright as they danced and sung in the sunlight.

That old school-house calls up a thousand memories so blissful, that we clutch them with a miser's grasp. We must dream for an hour.

We see that old school-house upon the steep hill-side. The wall upon the lower side is old and covered with moss, with tufts of grass growing out of the crevices, and a thistle, with its pale red blossom, standing reaching out. The sun has not yet reached that side, and the dew yet lingers there; and a bee, who was caught out, has taken shelter under its prickly covert. The house is old and weather-beaten, and its chimney, too, crumbling away. The jack-knife has been busy upon the clap-

boards, where rude skill has traced images and names, many of the letters turned the wrong way. The old door-sill is broken and deeply worn; and from beneath, and upon either side of the hard path, the grass grows rankly green.

There is the old rock by the tuft of alders, sloping from its perpendicular front back to the ground, and worn smooth by bare feet. How warm the sun made it, and what glorious tumbles we had from the top!

—The rock is there yet, but many of the bare feet have trodden through the journey of life.

There is the old thorn tree, its scraggy trunk and lance-like weapons; but oh, what a gorgeous wealth of white blossoms when the bees hummed their sweet melody! On the knoll beneath was the mimic carriage-way, with its bridge of bark and embankments of fresh earth. No architect of ancient grandeur, was ever prouder of his achievements.

Beneath was the old mill, and the deep, dark flume, and the pond covered with

floating timbers. The mysterious old wheel was covered with moss, and as its dripping arms went round, a wealth of bright gems flashed in the sunbeams. We watched with awe from the hole through the floor, and hurried away as the school-call was rapped upon the window. Below was the still water and the green-covered stones on the bottom, and the "horned dace" that lay lazily in the sun, and seemed so wondrous large. We would give a world to sport again in the cool stream with the light of childhood in the heart, and the alder and hazel hanging over from the bank.

How stilly the sun creeps into the open door of that old school-house; and away across the warped boards, worn smooth by playful feet and swept nicely! How warm and rich that same sunlight looks as it comes in at the window upon the well-worn seat, and then leaps off to the opposite side upon the floor! How sweetly it laughs as it steals over that sleeping boy's face, and upon his golden hair! The little sleeper is just at school, and the mistress has kind-

ly laid him down, his arm hanging down towards the floor, and his chubby feet tucked up on the bench. The sun is moving away. So will move away the child-dreams of his school-days.

All is hushed and still, save a low murmur of little voices, and the hum of the fly as he wings about in the sunbeams, crawls on the warm window-pane, or stands and trims his shining wings in the wide strip of sunshine. There is a dreamy stillness. The sun beats down hotly without, though the mowers are busy, and the sharp scraping of their "rifles," as they sharpen their scythes, is borne occasionally across the field. There is a cloud passing over, for a shadow, as if borne by the breeze, sweeps like a cool wave across the meadow. Upon that breeze comes the sweet fragrance of the new-mown hay, entering in at the windows like a spirit of health.

How cool appears the wide old fireplace, filled with boughs, and the hearth neatly swept! We see another scene as winter reigns, when the green wood is piled high,

and the fire has driven the sap in simmering bubbles out on the end of the sticks; and around, before the school begins, is gathered a merry group of red-faced children, the boys with their pantaloons tied round their ankles, and their mittens made safe by a string. The children talk in whispers, for the "master" has entered, and is setting copies. But the summer vision is brightest, and its memories the sweetest. There is the schoolmistress. How well we loved her! for she spoke kind words to us, and took our hand as she went to our home. She moves quietly about the room with ferule in hand, and prompting with a musical voice as the children recite. She looks sharply as she hears too loud a whispering behind two books suspiciously near to each other; but the trespassers discover her over the top of their books, and look as innocent as though caught in no trespass. "Boys may go out!" The pent-up exuberance of youthful elasticity bursts out like a flood, and light feet bound wildly from the door-sill out upon the sod, and the

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wearied mind returns with a keener relish to the "lesson," which is yet but half committed.

There is the lame boy with his crutch, sitting in the door with his sad and beautiful face. His cheeks are pale, but his eye, of deepest blue, has something resigned and holy about it that wins the heart, and his sweet and gentle manners endear him to all. The best apple is his; he has a favored seat at all our plays; and when we lift him over the low fence near by, where he can mingle with us under the wide-crowned thorn apple tree, his look is so grateful that it lingers like a sacred thing in the memory. The pilgrimage of the lame boy is ended. He left his crutch at the grave, and in it that shattered form. We all wept when the lame boy died. The schoolmistress, too, long since went to her rest. And so have the most of those who gathered there.

In the corner of the old, crooked fence, and under the thorn was the playhouse, built of fragments of boards, and walled

in with cobble-stones. The broken china was nicely arranged, the turf floor cleanly swept, and the entrance carefully guarded. Still back was the study-room, covered with boughs, and looking out on the pond below. Lessons were not always well learned within that little retreat. And does she with the mischievous black eyes, yet dwell with the living? How ungallantly we punished her plump arm with a pin, for putting dock-burrs in our hair! And how sorry for it, too, when the reproachful tear glittered on her dark lids!

But there were blue eyes there, as sweetly calm as the slumbering depths of a mid-summer sky, looking out so touchingly beneath that pale brow. The hair was long, rolling down on the pure white neck in waves of gold, or glancing in the sun as the heavy braids were tossed from her cheek with a little hand.

Mabel was beautiful. She was motherless, and there had settled upon her features a most gentle and touching sadness. How we gazed into those dreamy eyes, until

it seemed as though we had gone down into their pure depths where tears were floating.

Mabel was beautiful, and we loved her. How carefully we lifted her over the mossy stones in the stream, or the fence, or down from the wide rock by the spring! And then the yellowest daisy and the freshest wild rose were hunted out from the meadow and the hedge, and the pond-lily was wrenched from its moorings far out in the water. The smoothest and prettiest pebbles were selected from the brooklet's bed for the little house we had built for Mabel, and the softest, greenest moss was carefully pulled to place upon the floor. The red maple was climbed to the very top for boughs to shut out the sun; those blue eyes ever turned anxiously up that we should not fall. And at morning, we watched eagerly for her coming down the winding path around the hill; and as we saw the roof and crumbling chimney-top of her father's house, our heart beat with a strange feeling of happiness, for the

smoke as it curled upward from the tree-tops assumed the form of Mabel. The flame-like foliage of the maples looked like the frock she wore. We saw Mabel written on the old weather-beaten gable, and the robin in the beech overhead sang of Mabel. The golden dandelion and shining daisy smiled as she smiled, and the blue sky down in the still water was as dreamy and still as her eyes were calm. As we hurried home through the dusky woods, we heard her footfall behind. The stars had eyes like hers; and when we went up into the old garret, we loved the moonlight, and saw her in our dreams.

Beautiful Mabel! and happy dreams in the old garret!

One morning we missed Mabel at the school, and all seemed sad. The sunshine smiled in vain, and the merry twitter of the swallows in the chimney was unheeded. There was a lonely stillness in and around the playhouse. Every spot where we had been often together was visited with a lingering step; but the school was dismissed

at night, and we went silently home, stopping by the way to gaze upon Mabel's house until the damp dew fell around upon the grass.

The next morning we were aroused by startling news. Mabel was lost!

Mabel lost! How those two words sank into the heart! All the beauty of the morning was unheeded, and we passed by the breakfast-table without touching our food.

Mabel lost!

How it rang through the neighborhood! for all loved Mabel. Her father was a drinking man, and the day before had returned to his home intoxicated. In a fit of anger he had driven her out in the evening, and fastened the door against her. The most diligent search had proved fruitless.

Between her father's dwelling and the school-house was a gulf where the stream gathered in a deep pool, deftly hidden beneath overhanging rocks and a dense fringe of hemlock and wild brush. A wide and shelving rock hung far out over the still

waters below, and from its edge a spring from the bank poured its little cascade in a thread of silver foam. The honeysuckle hung over the tiny stream, and the wild grape had climbed up and woven its thick, broad leaves and clinging tendrils in a thick canopy of green in the branches of the birch overhead. It was a wild and quiet spot. The waters murmured sweetly, and the sunbeams struggled through like eyes of gold upon the green velvety moss which covered the rock. In company with Mabel we had hunted out the nook in the gulf, and during the long noon-spells had there lain upon the old rock and watched the shadowy form of the trout in the pool, or the humming-bird as he darted from flower to flower, or rested unscared for a moment upon a twig, his beautiful plumage and little black eye glistening as the sun shone upon him through some opening in the leaves.

We thought of the old rock, and found ourself running across the field and down through the woods. We had often been

there with Mabel, and hoped that we should find her there again.

With a beating heart we burst in through the net-work of vines, and involuntarily called out her name. We heard but the flutter of a wing as a red-bird went out through the leaves, and the murmur of the waterfall and the stream. All else was silent and lonely.

See! our heart beat quicker still, for a broad shelf of the old rock had fallen away. And there was Mabel's bonnet close by the seam!

We shouted again, and our wild words rang with startling distinctness through the silence around, but no answer came. Trembling in every joint, we slowly crept to the edge of the rock and looked down with a horrible dread.

The sun fell in a broad fleck upon the pool, and there, looking upward as if smiling to the sky, was Mabel, stretched out upon the bottom! We know not how we reached the bed of the stream, but we were found sitting by the side of the dead,

the dripping head laid carefully in our arms, and brushing the glittering sands from the golden braids, where they had been left by the waters. The eye was still deeply blue, but there was a dread paleness on the cheek and lips. The fingers were stiff; a wild rose crushed in the palm. We kissed the bloodless hand again and again, and wept scalding tears on the cold, damp brow, and with blinded eyes caressed the wet hair. It seemed that Mabel would awake and love us again.

But Mabel was at rest!

On a bright, sunny afternoon they carried Mabel to the green old yard across the stream, and lowered her gently into her grave. We dared not speak, but our own heart went down with the coffin, and as the earth fell on it, a shudder of pain crept over us; but we loved the old sexton, because he dropped the earth so softly down, and placed the sods so carefully with his hands. And then we saw a tear in the old man's eye, and it fell on his hard hand.

Blessed old man, he, too, loved Mabel!

The people passed away, but we lingered.
For many a day there was no spot so sacred to us as that little mound.

We went to school again, but the sunshine had lost its beauty, and there was a touch of sadness in its smile. The play-house fell into decay; and in autumn the leaves fell thickly in the untrodden path to the old rock, and the clusters of wild grapes were untouched, for Mabel was with us no more.

But the sun has gone down while the waif of memory has been drifting back, and the cloud is no longer in sight from our window.

So set the sun of our earliest child-love
—so passed Mabel away.

“Our Hatty.”

BY FANNY FERN.

SHE might have had twenty other names, but that was the only appellation I ever heard. It was, “Get out of the way, Hatty!” — “I dare say, Hatty broke that vase, or lost that book!” — “Don’t come here; what a fright you are, Hatty!” till the poor, sensitive child almost felt as if she had the mark of Cain upon her forehead. She had brothers and sisters, but they were bright, and saucy, and bold, and cunning; and, when they wished to carry out a favorite scheme, could throw their arms about the parental neck, flatter some weak side, carry the day, and then laugh at their juvenile foresight; so their coffers were always filled, while poor Hatty’s was empty; — and she laid all these things up in her little grieved heart, and, as she saw duplicity better rewarded than sincerity, began to

have little infidel doubts whether the Bible, that her father read so much out of, was really true; while Joseph's "coat of many colors" flaunted ever before her tearful eyes! All her sweet, childish impulses were checked and crushed; and, where the sweet flowers of love and confidence had sprung up, the weeds of distrust and suspicion took bitter root!

She took no part in the conversation of the domestic circle. "She was stupid," so they told her; and she had heard it till she believed it true. Sometimes, as was often the case, some talented person made part of the family circle; on such occasions, Hatty would listen in her corner till her great, wild eyes glowed and burned like living coals of fire. But there was one spot where none disputed Hatty's right to reign, — a little lonely room at the top of the house, which she had fitted up in her own wild way, and where she was free from reproof or intrusion.

You should have seen her there, — with her little yearning heart half broken by

neglect,—doubtful of her own powers, and weeping such passionate tears, that she was "so stupid, and ugly, and disagreeable," that nobody could ever love her! And so she made friends with the holy stars, the fleecy clouds, and the brilliant rainbow, the silver moonbeam, and the swift lightning; and an artistic eye, seeing her soul-lit face at that small window, might have fancied her some Italian improvisatrice! There, the fetters fell off, the soul was free, and the countenance mirrored it forth. Back in the family circle, she was again "Our Hatty!"

"That young daughter of yours differs very much from the rest of the family, Mr. Lee," said a maiden lady, who was visiting there.

"Yes, yes!" said the old man, with a shrug. "She don't look much like a Lee; in fact, she's very plain. She's a strange, unaccountable child,—likes her own company better than anybody's else, and don't care a rush-light for all the nick-nacks other

girls are teasing for. Sometimes I think she belongs to another brood,—got changed in the cradle, or something.”

“How does she spend her time?” said Miss Tabetha.

“I’m sure I don’t know. Wife says she has a little den at the top of the house, where she sits star-gazing. Queer child, that Hatty!—plain as a pike-staff;” and Mr. Lee took up his newspaper, and put his feet on the mantel.

Miss Tabetha was confounded! She had an uncommonly warm heart, for an old maid. She had never been a parent;—she wished she had, just to show some people what a nice one she’d have made! She inwardly resolved to know more of “Our Hatty.”

Rap, tap, on the door of Hatty’s little den,—what on earth did it mean? She hoped they were not going to take that away from her; and, with a guilty, frightened look, she opened the door.

Miss Tabetha entered.

“Are you vexed with me for coming

here, child? You don't look glad to see me."

"No, no!" said Hatty, pushing back a tangled mass of dark hair; "but it's so odd you should want to come. Nobody ever wanted to see me before."

"And why not, Hatty?"

"Well, I don't know," said she, with touching meekness and simplicity; "unless it's because I'm 'stupid, and ugly, and disagreeable.'"

"Who told you that, Hatty?"

"All of them down stairs," said she; "and I don't care about it, only — only," — and the tears rolled down her cheeks, — "it is so dreadful to feel that nobody can ever love me!"

Miss Tabetha said, "Humph!"

"Hatty," said she, "come here. Do you ever look in the glass?"

"Not since a long while," said the young girl, shrinking back.

"Come here, and look in this little mirror. Do you see those large, dark, bright eyes of yours? Do you see that wealth of raven hair, which a skillful hand might

render a beauty, instead of that tangled deformity? Do you see those lithe, supple limbs, which a little care and training might render graceful as the swaying willow? There is intellect on your brow; soul in your eyes; your voice has a thrilling heart-tone. Hatty, you are a gem in the rough! — you cannot be ‘ugly;’ but, listen to me. It is every woman’s duty to be lovely and attractive. You have underrated and neglected yourself, my poor child. Nature has been no niggard to you. I do not say this to make you vain, but to inspire you with a proper confidence in yourself. But — what have we here?” as a large portfolio fell at her feet.

“O, Miss Tabetha, please don’t! It’s only a little scribbling, just when I felt wretched! — please don’t!”

“Yes, but I shall, though. It’s just what I want to see most;” and she went on reading paper after paper, while Hatty stood like a culprit before her. When she had finished, she said, very slowly and deliberately:

"Hatty, come here! Did you know that you were a genius?"

A what, Miss Tabetha?"

"A genius, you delicious little bit of simplicity, — a genius! You'll know fast enough what it means; and to think that I should have been the first to find it out!" and she caught the astonished child in her arms, and kissed her, till Hatty thought a genius must be the most delightful thing in the world, to bring so much love with it.

"Look here, Hatty, — does anybody know this?" holding up the manuscripts.

Hatty shook her head.

"So much the better. 'Stupid, ugly and disagreeable!' humph! Do you know I'm going to run off with you?" said the little old maid. "We shall see what we shall see, Miss Hatty!"

Five years had rolled away. A new life had been opened to Hatty. She had grown into a tall, graceful woman. Her step was light as a fawn's. Her face, — not beautiful, certainly, if tried by the rules of art,

—and yet, who that watched its ever-varying expression, would stop to criticise? No one cared to analyze the charm. She produced the effect of beauty; she was magnetic; she was fascinating. Miss Tabetha was satisfied; — “she knew it would be just so.”

They had almost forgotten her at Lee house. Once in a while they wondered “if Miss Tabetha wasn’t tired of her.” Miss Tabetha thought she would let them know! Unbounded was their amazement, when Miss Tabetha ushered “Our Hatty” in. It was unaccountable! She was really “almost pretty!” Still there was the same want of heart in their manner to her; and the little old maid could not have kept within bounds, had she not had powerful reasons of her own for keeping quiet awhile.

“By the way, Miss Tabetha,” said Mr. Lee, “as you are a blue-stocking, can you enlighten me as to the author of that charming little volume of poems which has set all the literary world astir? It isn’t

often I get upon stilts, but I'd give something to see the woman who wrote it."

Miss Tabetha's time had come. Her eyes twinkled with malicious delight. She handed him a volume, saying, "Well, here is a book I was commissioned to give you by the authoress herself."

Mr. Lee rubbed his glasses, set them astride his nose, and read the following on the fly-leaf:

"To my dear father, James Lee; from his affectionate daughter, The Author."

Mr. Lee sprang from his chair; and seizing his child by both hands, ejaculated, "Hatty Lee! I'm proud of you!"

Tears gathered slowly in her large eyes, as she said, "O, not that! Dear father, fold me once to your heart, and say, 'Hatty, I love you!'"

Her head sank upon his shoulder. The old man read his child's heart at last; he saw it all, — all her childish unhappiness, — and, as he kissed her brow, and cheek, and lips, said, in a choking voice, "Forgive your old father, Hatty!"

Her hand was laid upon his lips, while smiles and tears chased over her face, like sunshine and shadow over an April sky.

O, what is Fame to a woman? Like the "apples of the Dead Sea," fair to the sight, ashes to the touch! From the depths of her unsatisfied heart, cometh ever a voice that will not be hushed, — Take it all back, only give me love!

Give Me the Hand.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready:
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp, that I aye may believe thee.

Soft is the palm of the delicate woman!

Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman!

Soft palm or hard hand it matters not — never!

Give me the grasp that is friendly forever!

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;

Give me the hand that has harmed not another;

Give me the hand that has never forsworn it;
 Give me its grasp, that I aye may adore it.
 Lovely the palm of the fair blue-vein'd maiden!
 Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen!
 Lovely or ugly, it matters not — never!
 Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
 Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party;
 Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her;
 Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
 Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
 Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
 Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not — never!
 Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

"Little Benny."

BY FANNY FERN.

So the simple headstone said. Why did
 my eyes fill? I never looked into his
 laughing eye, or heard his merry shout, or
 listened for his tripping tread; I never pil-
 lowed his little head or bore his little form,
 or smoothed his silky locks, or laved his

dimpled limbs, or fed his cherry lips with dainty bits, or kissed his rosy cheek as he lay sleeping.

I did not see his eye grow dim ; or his little hand drop powerless ; or the dew of agony gather on his forehead ; I stood not with clasped hands and suspended breath, and watched the look that comes but once, flit over his cherub face. And yet, "Little Benny," my tears are falling ; for, *some-where*, I know there's an empty crib, a vacant chair, useless robes and toys, a desolate hearth-stone and a weeping mother.

"Little Benny."

It was all her full heart could utter ; and it was enough. It tells the whole story.

Two in Heaven.

BY FANNY FERN.

"You have two children," said I.

"I have four," was the reply ; "two on earth, two in heaven."

There spoke the mother! Still hers, only "gone before!" Still remembered, loved, and cherished, by the hearth and at the board;—their places not yet filled; even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

"Two in heaven!"

Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in heaven!"

Earth less attractive. Eternity nearer. Invisible cords, drawing the maternal soul upwards. "Still small" voices, ever whispering, Come! to the world-weary spirit.

"Two in heaven!"

Mother of angels! Walk softly!—holy eyes watch thy footsteps!—cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth taint; so shalt thou "go to them," though "they may not return to thee!"

The Mystery of Spring.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

HAVE you never felt, just at the season of mid-March, the force and truth of the ensuing observations? Our only wonder is, that another should have expressed so perfectly our own thoughts and emotions, a hundred times awakened and experienced, in the early "spring-time of the year:" "There is a certain melancholy in the evenings of early spring, which is among those influences of nature the most universally recognized, the most difficult to explain. The silent stir of reviving life, which does not yet betray signs in the bud and blossom; only in a softer clearness in the air, a more lingering pause in the slowly lengthening day; a more delicate freshness and balm in the twilight atmosphere; a more lovely yet still unquiet note from the birds, settling down into their coverts;

the vague sense under all that hush, which still outwardly wears the bleak sterility of winter—of the busy change hourly, momentarily at work—renewing the youth of the world, re-clothing with vigorous bloom the skeletons of things; all these messages from the heart of Nature to the heart of Man may well affect and move us. But why with melancholy? No thought on our part connects and construes the low, gentle voices. It is not *Thought* that replies and reasons: it is *Feeling* that hears and dreams. Examine not, O child of man!—examine not that mysterious melancholy with the hard eyes of thy reason: thou canst not impale it on the spikes of thy thorny logic, nor describe its enchanted circle by problems conned from thy schools. Borderer thyself of two worlds—the Dead and the Living—give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows, that steal, in the season of change, from the dim Border Land!”

An Invitation.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"They that seek me early shall find me."

Come while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze:
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sanbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast;
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding —
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone;
Those who now love thee will have pass'd forever —
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee:
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come while the morning of thy life is glowing, —
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,
Fade like the sunset of a summer sky;
Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray:
Oh, touch the sceptre — win a hope in heaven —
Come — turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence,
 Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul :
 And shining brightly in the forward distance,
 Will of thy patient race appear the goal :
 Home of the weary ! where in peace reposing,
 The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
 Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing —
 Who would not *early* choose a lot like this !

Scenes in a City Hospital.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

WE often pause beneath the half-closed blinds of some public hospital, and picture to ourself the gloomy and mournful scenes that are passing within. The sudden movement of a taper, as its feeble ray shoots from the thickly-set windows, until its light gradually disappears, as if it were carried farther back into the room, to the bed-side of some suffering patient, is enough to awaken a whole crowd of reflections ; the mere glimmering of the low-burning lamps, which, when all other habitations are wrapped in darkness and slumber, denote the chamber where so many forms are.

writhing with pain, or wasting with disease, is sufficient to check the most boisterous merriment. Who can tell the anguish of those weary hours, when the only sound the sick man hears, is the disjointed wanderings of some feverish slumberer near him, the low moan of pain, or perhaps the muttered, long-forgotten prayer of a dying man? Who but those who have felt it, can imagine the sense of loneliness and desolation which must be the portion of those who in the hour of dangerous illness are left to be tended by strangers: for what hands, be they ever so gentle, can wipe the clammy brow, or smooth the restless bed, like those of mother, wife, or child?

Church at Lake George.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

SITTING in the little church near the "Lake House," Lake George, to-day, with congenial friends, we were taken back, on

the wings of memory, to the days and the scenes of our boyhood. We were once more at the old homestead, once again at the old country-church ; for here were the high-back'd pews, of the native color of the wood ; the pulpit without adornment ; the jack-knife initials of boys, carried about by no "wind of doctrine" heard at conventicle, but contrairiwise, full of the very "old Scratch" during sermon-time ; nay, here were the very psalm-and-hymn books, in the "identical" sheepskin-binding of yore. But no MOTHER came into that homely pew with us, unfolding from around her fan the sweet-smelling white handkerchief, redolent of the aroma of dried orange-peel, that scented the very drawer whence it was taken, and taking thence sprigs of fragrant "caraway" and "fennel" to give to her little twin-boys ; no BROTHER sat there, with his young heart even then full of unuttered and unwritten poetry, as he looked through an open window upon the green, contented fields of summer, — shimmering in the hot haze that hung over them, like the tremu-

lous rays which overhang a furnace — or surveyed on the fan the fair pictured damsel in vermillion robes and blue hat, assisting a little boy, in bright yellow roundabout and white sailor-trowsers, to fly a scarlet kite with a green tail. All these associations were of the Past:

“Oh, Time! how in thy rapid flight
Do all Life's phantoms flit away:
The smile of hope, and young delight,
Fame's meteor-beam and fancy's ray!”

“Onward driveth Time, and in a little while our lips are dumb!” All things have their season, and ripen toward the grave: ripen, fall, and cease.

Clinging to Life.

Mrs. NORTON, in “*The Child of Earth*,” has beautifully illustrated the tenacity with

which poor Humanity clings to this shadowy existence:

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow!
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say:
 "I am content to die — but oh, not now!
Not while the blossoms of the joyous Spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing,
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath.
Spare me, great God! — lift up my drooping brow:
I am content to die — but oh, not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer-time —
The season's viewless boundary is past
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime:
 " Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last!
Let me not perish while o'er land and sea
 With silent steps the Lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
 Greets my dull ear, with music in its tone.
Pale Sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow —
I am content to die! — but oh! not now!"

Summer is gone; and Autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
 "Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam:
Cooler the breezes play around my brow —
I am content to die! but oh, not now!"

The bleak wind whistles: snow-showers far and near
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear,
Winter stalks on, with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends: "Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me awhile — raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die! but oh! — not now!"

"It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold —
To feel those longings to depart,
That cheered the saints of old;
To clasp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast
The door that leads to endless rest.

It were not lonely, thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the free spirit mounts on high,
By white-winged seraphs led
Where glories earth may never know,
O'er 'many mansions' lingering, glow,
In peerless lustre shed;
It were not lonely thus to soar
Where sin and grief can sting no more!"

The Bridal Gift.

There was merriment and rejoicing in the little village of Ifley, for one of its prettiest maidens was that day to be led to the altar, by one of its honestest youths. It was the season of temporary repose and of anxious hope, between the hay and the corn harvest, which is perhaps one of the most interesting of the whole year. Two or three clusters of villagers were to be seen in the church-yard, looking with happy haste for the arrival of the bride and bridegroom. Their smiling faces were in harmony with the universal brightness of the landscape which lay around. The Thames, which is here but a little streamlet, was sparkling in the beaming sunshine, or reflecting the few passing clouds of a summer morning: the cattle were grazing in the green

fields, which were now free for their unconfined enjoyment: the light breeze was passing over the ripening corn, swaying it with the most graceful and wave-like motion. The old Saxon church, stood amidst the graves of twenty generations, a splendid monument of ancient piety. As the aged people sat in its spacious porch, they looked back to the time, when their hopes of happiness had been as ardent as those of the young pair, who were now approaching to begin the same course of domestic comfort, which they had sought in the morning of their lives; and some sighed for disappointed expectations, and some wept for their departed companions. As the youthful folks tripped over the green mounds whose lessons were at that moment forgotten, they thought only of life as of one long summer day, and they looked at the happiness they were about to witness, as something which might be privileged from the clouds and storms of maturer years. But the approach of the minister disturbed their reveries.

Alice Holt and James Webb had plighted their vows, and the bells of the old tower :

were pouring forth that music which is always sweet, and the smiling gossips had strewed flowers in their way, and the kind-hearted pastor had given them an affectionate greeting, when a reverend stranger stood in their homeward path and implored a blessing for them. The young people returned his salutation with natural politeness, and invited him to partake of their humble entertainment. There was something in the stranger's appearance that on any ordinary occasion would have commanded respect. His dress was very plain but extremely neat; his garb was of an antiquated fashion, but it seemed as if no modern taste would accord with the wearer. His long gray hair curled upon his unstooping shoulders; and his staff seemed rather the companion of a vigorous man, than the support of an infirm one. The stranger accepted the offer which was made him, and took his seat at the wedding festival without causing or experiencing embarrassment.

After the cup had gone merrily round to those pledges of good-will which were much sincerer, than the compliments of more

splendid boards, the stranger rose to propose a sentiment. Adapting his language to the homely garb in which the feelings of the other guests had been expressed, he exclaimed, with much emphasis, "May a good turn never be forgotten." The toast went round, but the stranger did not sit down. "My friends," he continued, "I came here this day to pay a debt. It is of very long standing, but the obligation to discharge it is not the less absolute. Thirty years ago I lived in this village. There is a token by which that good old man in the chimney-corner will remember me, but that is for his own ear. I was in trade; my means were small, and I was unfortunate. I sold all; and I thank God, I paid all that I was in debt. Without a shilling in the world, I determined to go abroad. My resolution was soon acted upon; and I communicated it to no one but the father of Alice Holt. On the morning of my departure he met me at the mill. He was the best friend I ever had. He wept like a child at our separation, and—excuse my own tears—he thrust a purse into my hands, which I believe contained the

savings of his life. I long struggled against receiving the gift; but he would hear of no excuse. 'My wants,' said he, 'are few and soon satisfied. A little more labor will make me once again as rich; but for you to be voyaging to a foreign land, without a penny to buy you respect, I cannot bear it. Pay me if ever you should come home rich: if you find me gone, I may leave a wife or a child that you may return it to.'

There was a deep silence in all the company; and the bride was in tears. "Alice," continued the stranger, "do not think me an intruder upon your mirth, if I thus call up the memory of the most kind-hearted man I ever knew. Those are sweet tears which you shed, and you owe them to such a father. That happiness is the most secure which can afford to listen to the claims of truth and feeling. But to continue my story. Your father left ten pounds in my hand, and I made a secret vow, that no temptation of idleness or folly, should prevent me putting his loan to good interest. I obtained a passage to one of our colonies. I engaged in a very humble

employment; but I gradually saved money. I rose in the confidence of my master, and my salary was increased. I at length obtained a small share in his business: I exerted myself so much, that after some years I was admitted to half the profits. My partner died, and I stood in his place, an opulent British merchant. I at length came home with more than I deserve. But my good fortune has been the work of another's bounty; and I shall consider myself a steward for my fellow-creatures. Alice, there is the amount of your father's loan; it could not be returned at a better season. Young man," continued he, addressing himself to the bridegroom, "I have heard that you are honest, industrious, and pious. Your wife has her father's features, and, I trust, her father's heart. The debt I have paid will be a marriage portion, not the less acceptable for being unexpected. It will stock a farm; frugality and prudence will make it profitable to you."

Alice and her husband rose to stammer out their thanks—for the paper which the stranger presented to the bride, was a note for a

thousand pounds. The wondering guests also rose with one accord—but the stranger was gone.

The bridal gift was not bestowed upon unworthy objects. James and Alice were not intoxicated by their good fortune. They had abundance and something for the necessitous.

The Beautiful Maniac.

“The fire that on my bosom preys,
Is lone as some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!”

In the morning train from Petersburg, there was a lady closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered vail, the glimpse of her features,

which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the cars all was confusion; passengers looking to their baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual bustle and hurry attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely and yet the most unhappy features we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and clasping her hands in prayer she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look! What beauty too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been stamped upon it. Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

“————— she was changed

As by the sickness of the soul: her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own luster, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things,
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
Of other's sight, familiar were to hers.”

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat: but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody arose; it was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she waved her body as she sung with touching pathos,

“She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

“She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking —

Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept
as only man can weep. The air changed and
she continued:

"Have sorrows thy young days shaded
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet?
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear."

She then sung a fragment of the beautiful
hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Another attempt to rise up was prevented,
and she threw herself on her knees beside her
brother, and gave him such a mournful, en-
treating look, with a plaintive "save me, my
brother! save your sister!" that scarcely a
passenger could refrain from weeping. We
say scarcely, for there was one man, (was he
a man?) who called on the conductor to "put
her out of the car." He received the open

scorn of the company. His insensibility to such a scene of distress, almost defies belief; and yet this is, in every particular, an "ow'er true tale." Should he ever read these lines may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of his brutality.

Again the poor benighted beauty, raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn sacred airs :

"Oh! where shall rest be found,

Rest for the weary soul!"

And continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James river; the unhappy brother and sister occupying the ladies' cabin. His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation; and no one dared to intrude so far upon his grief, as to satisfy curiosity.

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when, at one end of the landing, the small boat pulled away for the shore with the unhappy pair, *en route* for the Asylum at — She was standing erect in the stern of the

boat, her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone! that brother with his broken heart, that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and madness.

The Irish Daughter.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"And so you won't go with us, Jamie?"

"Hush, darling, you know I can not leave my ould mother, lone widow that she is, even for love and you, Mary; but if you'll not forget me, in the far country you're going to, when God wills, I'll follow you."

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, this parting is quite breaking my heart — but don't ask me to stay again — God bless you, and keep you thrue."

James Burke was the only child of a poor widow, living in the northern part of Ireland. Mary Conway was the youngest daughter of an intelligent and respectable family, neigh-

bors of the Burkes. James and Mary had been lovers from childhood, and at the time when they are introduced to our readers, all who knew them were smiling approvingly upon their fitting betrothal.

James was just one's ideal of a warm-hearted, high-spirited, frank, and handsome Irishman. Mary was a fair, blue-eyed girl of eighteen, with much more of delicate fragility of figure than often belongs to her country women.

Some four years previous to the period of the parting scene, with which we commenced this sketch, Mary's only brother, Willie Conway, went out to America, to 'seek his fortune,' where he succeeded so well in business, that he became anxious to be joined by his family. This consisted only of his parents, Mary, and the orphan boy of an elder sister, a fine little fellow of eight or nine years old. The noble young man sent home nearly all his earnings to defray the expenses of the voyage, and promised his friends a snug and happy home, on their arrival in the stranger-land. From their age and many infirmities,

his parents were long averse to going, but finally yielded to his earnest solicitations.

Poor Mary! the same sense of filial duty which bade her go with her parents, forbade her urging her lover to accompany her, for old Mrs. Burke could not risk the voyage, having been an invalid for many years; and so they parted, and the emigrants took ship for Quebec.

For the first week of the voyage all was fair above, and calm below; but then came on squally and tempestuous weather, and the mad waves tossed about the stout ship like a toy, and the fierce winds drove her wildly on her way. Our poor emigrants had much to endure; Mary, ill herself, was yet unceasing in her attendance on her aged parents, who became so wasted and enfeebled by sea-sickness as at last to be hardly able to rise from their berths. One night, when they had been about four weeks at sea, Mary, after watching till her dear ones slept, laid her aching head on its uneasy pillow, for a brief rest. The tempest which had raged throughout the day had somewhat abated, but a heavy fog lay on

the deep, like a white robe on the stormy bosom of a Medea. The ship still rolled, and groaned, like some huge monster in the death-agony, and for once, in her life of simple piety, sweet Mary knelt not in her orisons. But, to use the expression of one of her countrywomen, she "went on the knees of her heart," and from the berth where she lay, fervently arose the prayer of a subdued and trusting spirit. She fell asleep with a tear on her cheek, and her heart with love and old Ireland.

She was awakened by a rush of feet on deck, and the cry of "let go the anchors!" succeeded by the rattle of chains—a heavy plunge—another—a silence as of death, and then a joyful shout, "she holds!—she holds!" then a wild cry of "she drifts!" and then the ship seemed lifted out of the water, with a fearful crash, and a shock like that of an earthquake. She had struck! Then followed shoutings, and hurrying to and fro, the cries of terror, the clear, quick tones of command, and the sharp crack of breaking timbers.

The vessel had been driven upon a large rock, and was parting in the middle, the stern

being highest out of the water. Word was given for all to seek that part of the ship, as the only hope of safety; but before this object could be accomplished, many poor creatures perished, from missing their way in the darkness, or from that sudden insanity which danger often engenders. But Mary Conway, with matchless coolness and courage, conducted her parents and nephew, bewildered age and terrified childhood, safely up to the crowded stern, and saw them, one by one, let down by ropes to the rock beneath. Morning was just breaking as she herself descended, and she lifted her blue eyes to heaven, with an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulness. Alas! she had seen but the beginning of sorrow. It was intensely cold, and she found her feeble parents shivering and trembling in their thin garments. Morning advanced, but the weather grew no milder, and the sea-winds yet blew bitter chill. "I am dying with cold," said the poor old father, as he sat shrinking and bending under the keen gusts, his long white locks saturated with spray. Mary turned suddenly toward the rocking ship.

"Where are you going?" said the mother, faintly.

"Back to get some covering for father and you."

"Young woman," said a seaman standing by, "it may be death to do that—the ship may part any minute."

But she gave no heed to remonstrances, though they came fast and clamorous; she seized on the rope, which still hung from the ship, and by a superhuman effort, climbed to the deck, and went forward to the steerage. In a few moments she re-appeared, threw over on to the rock a bundle of clothing, and again slid swiftly down the rope. She had brought her father's cloak, from the berth where he had left it, and a blanket, which she wrapped around her mother, saying:

"You see I have come safely back, for God was with me, mother dear."

Before a half-hour had passed, a loud crash was heard, and a mountain wave swept away the whole of the forward part of the vessel.


As the day wore on and the fog lifted, the shipwrecked beheld, despairingly, the

hopelessness of their situation. They were cast upon a perfectly barren rock, separated from the land by many rods of foaming surf, in which no boat could live an instant; at sea, no sail was in sight, and on the shore no signs of human life. They were on the coast of Newfoundland.

But the mother and daughter were absorbed in a fearful affliction, which was coming fast upon them.

On that desolate spot, the husband and father was dying. He bade them good-by with a failing voice—he gazed on them with the thrilling tenderness of a last, last look—the breath ceased on his lips—his white face grew rigid, and his spirit dwelt where “there is no more sea,” nor hunger, nor cold nor death.

When the first wild burst of grief was o’er, Mary left the lifeless form with her mother, and searched around, until she found a wide fissure in the rock, somewhat sheltered by an overhanging ledge. She then gently took the body from her mother’s convulsive embrace, and with the assistance of a kind sailor, bore it and laid it there. She kissed once again



her father's lips, chilled more with the tempest than the recent touch of death; smoothed the thin hair upon his brow, and wrapping his cloak more closely around him, turned and left him forever. She herself was trembling with cold, but she thought not once of robbing her poor dead father of his winding-sheet.

Rest thou, old saint, with thy cross upon thy breast! though thou liest not deep in the dear bosom of thy native land, but where billows dash around, and the wet sand drifts over thee—though thy loved ones may not come to weep above thee, though no living thing be near thee but the wild sea-bird, dipping her white wing in the surf—God's angel has marked the spot, and when earth's graves are opening, and the sea gives up its dead, thou shalt arise from thy cold, hard couch, on the wave-lashed rock.

Soon after Mary returned to her mother, a shout from their companions told them that the despaired-of help was at hand. On looking to the shore, they beheld four or five men, pointing three huge Newfoundland dogs to the rock. As soon as the noble creatures caught

sight of the sufferers, they sprang eagerly into the surf. How sturdily they breasted the waves—how gloriously they leaped forward to the rescue!

One after another, the shipwrecked were lashed to these gallant deliverers and carried safely to the shore. To the kind inquiries of an aged sailor, who, at each return of the noble dogs, had said, "now, daughter," Mary simply answered, "not yet," and remained holding on her lap the almost inanimate form of her mother. At length the mother seemed to rouse herself, and opening her faded blue eyes, those eyes into which Mary had so often looked for hope and encouragement, she said:

"I will thry, darling—for my child's sake, the good God may give me strength to pass through the troubled waters."

Mary assisted to lash her carefully to one of those mute deliverers, and with arms clasped about and partly supporting her, she accompanied her far out into the surf, and committed her to the angry deep. And there stood Mary Conway—around her the wild sea—her black hair on the wind, her lips

parted, and her clasped hands outstretched before her—yet all unheeding sea and wind, for her heart was with her eye, and her eye was with her mother. She saw those aged limbs float out on the wave, and that gray hair tossing like sea-weed in the surf. She saw the cruel wave pass over her—she saw for a moment her white, calm face, as she was borne up on the succeeding billow, turned full upon her—she saw her dimmed eyes open, and, oh, God! amid the sea and the storm, a daughter caught the last look of affectionate recognition from a dying mother! But Mary knew it not; still stood she, statue-like, watching with wild intensity the receding form of her last parent; the only change of attitude and expression was the swelling and falling of the chest, and the gleaming and fading of the eye, as her mother's form appeared and disappeared in the trembling waters. Nearer, still nearer the firm earth—the white surf covers her—a rush of stalwart men—they are bearing her up the beach! “she is safe! she is safe!” and with eyes thrown heavenward, Mary falls fainting. But the old sailor

was by her side—she felt not the rushing of the waters as she too was borne to the shore, and when she next awoke to consciousness, she was stretched beneath a sheltering cliff, and beside, oh, joy, her mother! oh, despair, her dead mother!

Not a wail, not a tear, not a sigh, betrayed the agony of that broken-hearted girl, as vainly and still hopelessly she strove to recall that departed spirit. They came around her, the kind-hearted strangers, yet she saw them not; and the mute saviors, yet she heeded not their caressings; but with her mother's head against her breast, she sat amid the sands, buried in her deep, deep woe.

At length, when with tears streaming down their weather-beaten cheeks, those friendly strangers would take her from her lifeless mother, Mary seemed to arouse. They told her that she must go with them many miles, to find a shelter—that night and a fierce tempest were coming on, and that she must leave her dead unburied. She pressed her hands around her throbbing brow, and while her sad blue eyes rested for a moment in

gratitude upon them, she gently waved them to depart, saying calmly, "I will follow." And they left her—a kind fisherman bearing her little nephew in his arms—and she was alone, alone with her dead.

Impressing one long kiss upon that icy brow, Mary Conway rose up quietly, and going yet further from the sea, dug with her own hands a grave for her mother in the sand. She then bore thither, in her arms, as though it were a sleeping infant, the emaciated form, and laid it down to its last slumber—took the kerchief from her own breast, spread it over the beloved face, and then carefully replaced the sand. She knelt above that shallow grave, and with her crucifix pressed to her lips, murmured a brief prayer for the soul of the departed; there, on the wild desert shore, with the ocean's voice for a dirge, and the tempest for a requiem. Then, in that utter desolation of spirit which has no outward manifestation, that great agony, fearful in its fearless stillness, she turned and meekly followed the footprints in the sand, which told where her shipwrecked companions had gone before her.

Oh, pale young mourner, sitting in thy darkened chamber, giving way to thy sorrow with passionate abandonment, listen. The angels have called hence thy mother, and thou hast indeed known the grief of griefs; but if still unreconciled to Him who willed thy bereavement, bethink thee of one whose own hands laid to rest her best beloved ones, shroudless and coffinless; one who literally buried father and mother, and had no time for weeping.

The unfortunates met sympathy and kindness in the fisherman's house, which they reached at last, and the next day Mary Conway and her nephew proceeded to the nearest town, where she sought and found employment for them both, intending to seek her brother, as soon as she had earned sufficient to defray her traveling expenses. All her money and papers had been lost at the time of the wreck, and most unfortunately, the shock of that disaster, and her succeeding afflictions, had driven from her mind all recollection of her brother's place of residence. She but remembered that it was somewhere

in the state of New York, and she finally resolved to go at once to the city of New York, where she hoped to hear of the place she wished to find. At last she reached that great metropolis, still accompanied by her young nephew, for her widowed sister, when dying, had given him to her, and she was ever faithful to the holy trust. She soon procured a situation for herself and little charge, in a boarding-house, where she remained about a month, still unable to recall the name of the village to which her brother had directed her. But one day, a stranger arrived, and on his trunk being brought into the hall, upon the card affixed to it, she recognized with a cry of delight, that lost, that blessed word!

The next morning saw her and little Alick on the deck of one of the Hudson steamers, waving adieu to the few friends who had followed them to the wharf. At Albany, Mary took passage on a canal-boat, and traveled many hundred miles westward; and always and everywhere, though attractive in appearance and so unskilled in the ways of the world, and utterly defenseless, she met but kindness

and friendliness. There was about her the sacredness of sorrow; the impress of suffering on her brow, and the tearfulness of her down-cast eye, were eloquent though mute appeals to the generous American heart.

She reached S—— at last, and was clasped half-fainting, in her brother's arms. Oh, who could measure his joy! He had heard of the wreck of the vessel, and supposed that all he held dear on earth had gone down with her.

Mary found a neat and comfortable home awaiting her, and soon life seemed not so cold around her—a few sunbeams fell upon her path, and the crushed flower, happiness, took root in her heart again.

She wrote to, and heard from her lover in Ireland; his mother was still living, but very feeble, requiring his constant care.

'Twas on her second summer in America, that sorrow came once again to poor Mary Conway; came at the season when mourning and sadness seemed most unnatural—in gorgeous June, the festal month of all the year; came before the first flush of rose-time was past! Her pride, her dependance, her noble

devoted brother, came home, one noon, from his work, with a heavy eye, and the fevered blood rushing through his veins like lava, flung himself upon his bed, and never rose again.

One evening, as Mary sat by his side, watching him earnestly, for she knew that "the hour was at hand," he said, faintly, "Pray, my sister;" and the stricken girl knelt, and lifting up her voice clearly and calmly, in a prayer of faith and fervency and submission, commended the passing spirit to its Creator. When she rose up, she looked upon the face of the dead.

On the day of the burial, little Alic was taken ill with a milder form of the same disease, and there was none of kindred, save his broken-hearted sister to follow Willie Conway to the grave. She saw him laid to his rest, with an intense yearning to lie down beside him, and share his cold pillow; and she turned toward her desolate home, with a depth of anguish in her soul, which only God could sound.

But the strength which had been hers at

the death-bed scene, and at that awful moment when the first earth fell upon the coffin, now that all was over, forsook her utterly. She grew faint, reeled painfully, and would have fallen, but that one, who, at that moment entered the graveyard, sprang forward, and supported her. "Mary, dear Mary!" said the familiar voice, "oh, don't you know me? and is it so we meet at last?"

She looked up—it was Jamie, her Jamie from over the sea. * * * *

My dear reader, I have not been playing upon your sympathies by fables. I have not been beguiling you with a fiction. I myself have heard the simple story which I have related, from the lips of Mary Burke. And would to heaven a life so exalted by the grandeur of woman's love-prompted heroism, and made so serenely beautiful by filial piety and christian resignation, might have some better chronicler, some more enduring memorial!

Not to Myself Alone.

“Not to myself alone,”

The little opening flower transported cries —

“Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;

With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.

The bee comes sipping, every eventide,

His dainty fill;

The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The circling star with honest pride doth boast —

“Not to myself alone I rise and set;

— I write upon night's coronal of jet

His power and skill who formed our myriad host;

A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,

I gem the sky,

That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,

His home on high.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum —

“Not to myself alone from flower to flower

I rove the world, and garden, and the bower,

And to the hive at evening weary come;
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
With busy care.
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings:
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide,
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune!
I sweeten and refresh the languid air,
In drouthy June."

"Not to myself alone,"
Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part,

Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clo',
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

Beautiful Allegory.

Night kissed the young rush, and it bent softly to sleep. And the stars shone, and pure drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its gentle slumbers. Morning came with dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke, joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun sweeping from the East, and he smote the young rose with the golden shaft, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it drooped to the dust in its loveliness and despair.

Now, the gentle breeze, which had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the light bark, sweeping over hill and dale by the neat cottage and the still brook, fanning the fevered brow of disease, and tossing the curls of innocent childhood, came tripping along on the errands of mercy and love; and when she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool refreshing showers, the young rose revived, looked up and smiled, flung its ruby arms as in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away when her generous task was performed; yet not without reward, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wing by the grateful rose, and the kind breeze was glad in her heart, and went away singing through the trees.

Thus, true charity, like the breeze which gathers as it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness and love, which steals through the heart like a rich perfume to bless and to cheer.

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"He fixed his eyes—which were very bright—intensely upon the furnace."

Ethan Brand, or The Unpardonable Sin

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Bartram, the lime-burner, a rough, heavy-looking man, begrimed with charcoal, sat watching his kiln, at nightfall, while his little son played at building houses with the scattered fragments of marble, when, on the hill-side below them, they heard a roar of laughter, not mirthful, but slow, and even solemn, like a wind shaking the boughs of the forest.

"Father, what is that?" asked the little boy, leaving his play, and pressing betwixt his father's knees.

"Oh, some drunken man, I suppose," answered the lime-burner; "some merry fellow from the bar-room in the village, who dared not laugh loud enough within doors, lest he should blow the roof of the house off. So here he is, shaking his jolly sides at the foot of Graylock."

"But, father," said the child, more sensi-

tive than the obtuse, middle-aged clown, "he does not laugh like a man that is glad. So the noise frightens me!"

"Don't be a fool, child!" cried his father, gruffly. "You will never make a man, I do believe; there is too much of your mother in you. I have known the rustling of a leaf startle you. Hark! Here comes the merry fellow now. You shall see that there is no harm in him."

Bartram and his little son, while they were talking thus, sat watching the same lime-kiln that had been the scene of Ethan Brand's solitary and meditative life, before he began his search for the Unpardonable Sin. Many years, as we have seen, had now elapsed, since that portentous night when the IDEA was first developed. The kiln, however, on the mountain-side, stood unimpaired, and was in nothing changed, since he had thrown his dark thoughts into the intense glow of its furnace, and melted them, as it were, into the one thought that took possession of his life. It was a rude, round, tower-like structure, about twenty feet high,

heavily built of rough stones, and with a hillock of earth heaped about the large part of its circumference; so that the blocks and fragments of marble might be drawn by cart-loads, and thrown in at the top. There was an opening at the bottom of the tower, like an oven-mouth, but large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture, and provided with a massive iron door. With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this door, which seemed to give admittance into the hill-side, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions, which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims.

There are many such lime-kilns in this tract of country, for the purpose of burning the white marble which composes a large part of the substance of the hills. Some of them, built years ago, and long deserted, with weeds growing in the vacant round of the interior, which is open to the sky, and grass and wild flowers rooting themselves into the chinks of the stones, look already

tive than the obtuse, middle-aged clown, "he does not laugh like a man that is glad. So the noise frightens me!"

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There are many such lime-kilns in this tract of country, for the purpose of burning the white marble which composes a large part of the substance of the hills. Some of them, built years ago, and long deserted, with weeds growing in the vacant round of the interior, which is open to the sky, and grass and wild flowers rooting themselves into the chinks of the stones, look already

like relics of antiquity, and may yet be over-spread with the lichens of centuries to come. Others, where the lime-burner still feeds his daily and night-long fire, afford points of interest to the wanderer among the hills, who seats himself on a log of wood or a fragment of marble, to hold a chat with the solitary man. It is a lonesome, and, when the character is inclined to thought, may be an intensely thoughtful occupation; as it proved in the case of Ethan Brand, who had mused to such strange purpose, in days gone by, while the fire in this very kiln was burning.

The man who now watched the fire was of a different order, and troubled himself with no thoughts save the very few that were requisite to his business. At frequent intervals, he flung back the clashing weight of the iron door, and, turning his face from the insufferable glare, thrust in huge logs of oak, or stirred the immense brands with a long pole. Within the furnace were seen the curling and riotous flames, and the burning marble, almost molten with the intensity

of heat; while without, the reflection of the fire quivered on the dark intricacy of the surrounding forest, and showed in the foreground a bright and ruddy little picture of the hut, the spring beside its door, the athletic and coal-begrimed figure of the lime-burner, and the half-frightened child, shrinking into the protection of his father's shadow.

• And when again the iron door was closed, then re-appeared the tender light of the half-full moon, which vainly strove to trace out the indistinct shape of the neighboring mountains; and in the upper sky, there was a flitting congregation of clouds, still faintly tinged with the rosy sunset, though thus far down into the valley the sunshine had vanished long and long ago.

The little boy now crept still closer to his father, as footsteps were heard ascending the hill-side, and a human form thrust aside the bushes that clustered beneath the trees.

"Halloo! who is it?" cried the lime-burner, vexed at his son's timidity, yet half infected by it. "Come forward, and show yourself

like a man, or I'll fling this chunk of marble at your head!"

"You offer me a rough welcome," said a gloomy voice, as the unknown man drew nigh. "Yet I neither claim nor desire a kinder one, even at my own fireside."

To obtain a distincter view, Bartram threw open the iron door of the kiln, whence immediately issued a gush of fierce light, that smote full upon the stranger's face and figure. To a careless eye there appeared nothing very remarkable in his aspect, which was that of a man in a coarse, brown, country made suit of clothes, tall and thin, with the staff and heavy shoes of a wayfarer. As he advanced, he fixed his eyes—which were very bright—intently upon the brightness of the furnace, as if he beheld, or expected to behold some objects worthy of note within it.

"Good evening, stranger," said the limeburner, "whence come you, so late in the day?"

"I came from my search," answered the wayfarer, "for, at last, it is finished."

"Drunk!—or crazy!" muttered Bartram

to himself. "I shall have trouble with the fellow. The sooner I drive him away the better."

The little boy, all in a tremble, whispered to his father, and begged him to shut the door of the kiln, so that there might not be so much light; for that there was something in the man's face which he was afraid to look at, yet could not look away from. And, indeed, even the lime-burner's dull and torpid sense began to be impressed by an indescribable something in the thin, rugged, thoughtful visage, with the grizzly hair hanging wildly about it, and those deeply sunken eyes, which gleamed like fires within the entrance of a mysterious cavern. But, as he closed the door, the stranger turned toward him, and spoke in a quiet, familiar way, that made Bartram feel as if he were a sane and sensible man after all.

"Your task draws to an end, I see," said he. "This marble has already been burning three days. A few hours more will convert the stone into lime."

"Why, who are you?" exclaimed the lime-burner. "You seem as well acquainted with my business as I am myself."

"And well I may be," said the stranger; "for I followed the same craft many a long year, and here, too, on this very spot. But you are a new comer in these parts. Did you never hear of Ethan Brand?"

"The man that went in search of the Unpardonable Sin?" asked Bartram, with a laugh.

"The same," answered the stranger. "He has found what he sought, and therefore he comes back again."

"What! then you are Ethan Brand himself?" cried the lime-burner, in amazement. "I am a new comer here, as you say, and they call it eighteen years since you left the foot of Graylock. But, I can tell you, the good folks still talk about Ethan Brand in the village yonder, and what a strange errand took him away from his lime-kiln. Well, and so you have found the Unpardonable Sin?"

"Even so!" said the stranger, calmly.

"If the question is a fair one," proceeded Bartram, "where might it be?"

Ethan Brand laid his finger on his own heart.

"Here!" replied he.

And then, without mirth in his countenance, but as if moved by an involuntary recognition of the infinite absurdity of seeking throughout the world for what was the closest of all things to himself, and looking into every heart, save his own, for what was hidden in no other breast, he broke into a laugh of scorn. It was the same slow, heavy laugh, that had almost appalled the lime-burner when it heralded the wayfarer's approach.

The solitary mountain-side was made dismal by it. Laughter, when out of place, mistimed, or bursting forth from a disordered state of feeling, may be the most terrible modulation of the human voice. The laughter of one asleep, even if it be a little child; the madman's laugh; the wild screaming laugh of a born idiot; are sounds that

we sometimes tremble to hear, and would always willingly forget. Poets have imagined no utterance of fiends or hobgoblins so fearfully appropriate as a laugh. And even the obtuse lime-burner felt his nerves shaken as this strange man looked inward at his own heart, and burst into laughter that rolled away into the night, and was indistinctly reverberated among the hills.

"Joe," said he to his son, "scamper down to the tavern in the village, and tell the jolly fellows there that Ethan Brand has come back, and that he has found the Unpardonable Sin!"

The boy darted away on his errand, to which Ethan Brand made no objection, nor seemed hardly to notice it. He sat on a log of wood, looking steadfastly at the iron door of the kiln. When the child was out of sight, and his swift and light footsteps ceased to be heard treading first on the fallen leaves and then on the rocky mountain path, the lime-burner began to regret his departure. He felt that the little fellow's presence had been a barrier between

his guest and himself, and that he must now deal, heart to heart, with a man who, on his own confession, had committed the one only crime for which Heaven could afford no mercy. That crime, in its indistinct blackness, seemed to overshadow him. The lime-burner's own sins rose up within him, and made his memory riotous with a throng of evil shapes that asserted their kindred with the Master Sin, whatever it might be, which it was in the scope of man's corrupted nature to conceive and cherish. They were all of one family; they went to and fro between his breast and Ethan Brand's, and carried dark greetings from one to the other.

Then Bartram remembered the stories which had grown traditionary in reference to this strange man, who had come upon him like a shadow of the night, and was making himself at home in his old place, after so long an absence that the dead people, dead and buried for years, would have more right to be at home, in any familiar spot, than he. Ethan Brand, it was said, had conversed with Satan himself in the lurid blaze of this very

kiln. The legend had been matter of mirth heretofore, but looked grisly now. According to this tale, before Ethan Brand departed on his search, he had been accustomed to evoke a fiend from the hot furnace of the lime-kiln, night after night, in order to confer with him about the Unpardonable Sin; the Man and the Fiend each laboring to frame the image of some mode of guilt, which could neither be atoned for nor forgiven. And, with the first gleam of light upon the mountain top, the fiend crept in at the iron door, there to abide the intensest of fire, until again summoned forth to share in the dreadful task of extending man's possible guilt beyond the scope of Heaven's else infinite mercy.

While the lime-burner was struggling with the horror of these thoughts, Ethan Brand rose from the log and flung open the door of the kiln. The action was in such accordance with the idea in Bartram's mind, that he almost expected to see the Evil One issue forth, red hot from the raging furnace.

"Hold, hold!" cried he, with a tremulous attempt to laugh, for he was ashamed of his fears, although they overmastered him. "Don't, for mercy's sake, bring out your devil now!"

"Man!" sternly replied Ethan Brand, "what need have I of the devil? I have left him behind me on my track. It is with such half-way sinners as you that he busies himself. Fear not, because I open the door. I do but act by old custom, and am going to trim your fire, like a lime-burner, as I was once."

He stirred the vast coals, thrust in more wood, and bent forward to gaze into the hollow prison-house of the fire, regardless of the fierce glow that reddened upon his face. The lime-burner sat watching him, and half suspected his strange guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man. Ethan Brand, however, drew quietly back, and closed the door of the kiln.

"I have looked," said he, "into many a human heart that was seven times hotter

with sinful passions than yonder furnace is with fire. But I found not there what I sought. No, not the Unpardonable Sin!"

"What is the Unpardonable Sin?" asked the lime-burner; and then he shrank further from his companion, trembling lest his question should be answered.

"It is a sin that grew within my own breast," replied Ethan Brand, standing erect, with a pride that distinguishes all enthusiasts of his stamp. "A sin that grew nowhere else! The sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed every thing to its own mighty claims! The only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony! Freely, were it to do again, would I incur the guilt. Unshrinkingly I accept the retribution!"

"The man's head is turned," muttered the lime-burner to himself. He may be a sinner, like the rest of us—nothing more likely—but I'll be sworn, he is a madman too."

Nevertheless he felt uncomfortable at his situation, alone with Ethan Brand on the

wild mountain side, and was right glad to hear the rough murmur of tongues, and the footsteps of what seemed a pretty numerous party, stumbling over the stones and rustling through the underbrush. Soon appeared the whole lazy regiment that was wont to infest the village tavern, comprehending three or four individuals who had drunk flip beside the bar-room fire through all the winters, and smoked their pipes beneath the stoop through all the summers since Ethan Brand's departure. Laughing boisterously and mingling all their voices together in unceremonious talk, they now burst into the moonshine and narrow streaks of fire-light that illuminated the open space before the lime-kiln. Bartram set the door ajar again, flooding the spot with light, that the whole company might get a fair view of Ethan Brand and he of them.

There, among other old acquaintances, was a once ubiquitous man, now almost extinct, but whom we were formerly sure to encounter at the hotel of every thriving village throughout the country. It was the stage-agent.

The present specimen of the genus was a wilted and smoke-dried man, wrinkled and red-nosed, in a smartly cut, brown, bob-tailed coat, with brass buttons, who, for a length of time unknown, had kept his desk and corner in the bar-room, and was still puffing what seemed to be the same cigar that he had lighted twenty years before. He had great fame as a dry joker, though, perhaps, less on account of any intrinsic humor than from a certain flavor of brandy-toddy and tobacco-smoke, which impregnated all his ideas and expressions, as well as his person. Another well-remembered, though strangely-altered face was that of Lawyer Giles, as people still called him in courtesy; an elderly ragamuffin, in his soiled shirt-sleeves and tow-cloth trowsers. This poor fellow had been an attorney, in what he called his better days, a sharp practitioner, and in great vogue among the village litigants; but flip, and sling, and toddy, and cocktails, imbibed at all hours, morning, noon and night, had caused him to slide from intellectual to various kinds and degrees of bodily labor, till at last, to

adopt his own phrase, he slid into a soap-vat. In other words, Giles was now a soap-boiler, in a small way. He had come to be but the fragment of a human being, a part of one foot having been chopped off by an ax, and an entire hand torn away by the devilish gripe of a steam-engine. Yet, though the corporeal hand was gone, a spiritual member remained; for, stretching forth the stump, Giles steadfastly averred that he felt an invisible thumb and fingers with as vivid a sensation as before the real ones were amputated. A maimed and miserable wretch he was; but one, nevertheless, whom the world could not trample, and had no right to scorn, either in this or any previous stage of his misfortunes, since he had still kept up the courage and spirit of a man, asked nothing in charity, and, with his own hand—and that the left one—fought a stern battle against want and hostile circumstances.

Among the throng, too, came another personage, who, with certain points of similarity to Lawyer Giles, had many more of difference. It was the village Doctor, a man of some fifty

years, whom, at an earlier period of his life, we should have introduced as paying a professional visit to Ethan Brand during the latter's supposed insanity. He was now a purple-visaged, rude, and brutal, yet half-gentlemanly figure, with something wild, ruined, and desperate in his talk, and in all the details of his gestures and manners. Brandy possessed this man like an evil spirit, and made him as surly and savage as a wild beast, and as miserable as a lost soul; but there was supposed to be in him such wonderful skill, such native gifts of healing, beyond any which medical science could impart, that society caught hold of him, and would not let him sink out of its reach. So, swaying to and fro upon his horse, and grumbling thick accents at the bedside, he visited all the sick-chambers for miles about among the mountain towns, and sometimes raised a dying man, as it were, by miracle, or quite as often, no doubt, sent his patient, to a grave that was dug many a year too soon. The Doctor had an everlasting pipe in his mouth, and, as somebody said, in allusion

to his habit of swearing, it was always alight with hell-fire.

These three worthies pressed forward, and greeted Ethan Brand each after his own fashion, earnestly inviting him to partake of the contents of a certain black bottle, in which, as they averred, he would find something far better worth seeking for than the Unpardonable Sin. No mind, which has wrought itself by intense and solitary meditation into a high state of enthusiasm, can endure the kind of contact with low and vulgar modes of thought and feeling to which Ethan Brand was now subjected. It made him doubt—and, strange to say, it was a painful doubt—whether he had indeed found the Unpardonable Sin, and found it within himself. The whole question on which he had exhausted life, and more than life, looked like a delusion.

“Leave me,” he said, bitterly, “ye brute beasts, that have made yourselves so, shriveling up your souls with fiery liquors! I have done with you. Years and years ago, I groped into your hearts and found nothing there for my purpose. Get ye gone!”

"Why, you uncivil scoundrel," cried the fierce doctor, "is that the way you respond to the kindness of your best friends? Then let me tell you the truth. You have no more found the Unpardonable Sin than yonder boy Joe has. You are but a crazy fellow—I told you so twenty years ago—neither better nor worse than a crazy fellow, and the fit companion of old Humphrey here?"

He pointed to an old man, shabbily dressed, with long white hair, thin visage, and unsteady eyes. For some years past this aged person had been wandering about among the hills, inquiring of all travelers whom he met for his daughter. The girl, it seemed, had gone off with a company of circus-performers; and occasionally tidings of her came to the village, and fine stories were told of her glittering appearance as she rode on horseback in the ring, or performed marvelous feats on the tight-rope.

The white-haired father now approached Ethan Brand, and gazed unsteadily into his face.

"They tell me you have been all over the earth," said he, wringing his hands with earnestness. You must have seen my daughter, for she makes a grand figure in the world, and everybody goes to see her. Did she send any word to her old father, or say when she was coming back?"

Ethan Brand's eye quailed beneath the old man's. That daughter, from whom he so earnestly desired a word of greeting, was the Esther of our tale, the very girl whom, with such cold and remorseless purpose, Ethan Brand had made the subject of a psychological experiment, and wasted, absorbed, and perhaps annihilated her soul in the process.

"Yes," murmured he, turning away from the hoary wanderer; "it is no delusion. There is an Unpardonable Sin!"

While these things were passing, a merry scene was going forward in the area of cheerful light, beside the spring and before the door of the hut. A number of the youth of the village, young men and girls, had hurried up the hill-side, impelled by curiosity

to see Ethan Brand, the hero of so many a legend familiar to their childhood. Finding nothing, however, very remarkable in his aspect—nothing but a sunburnt wayfarer, in plain garb and dusty shoes, who sat looking into the fire, as if he fancied pictures among the coals—these young people speedily grew tired of observing him. As it happened, there was other amusement at hand. An old German Jew, traveling with a diorama on his back, was passing down the mountain-road toward the village just as the party turned aside from it, and, in hopes of eking out the profits of the day, the showman had kept them company to the lime-kiln.

“Come, old Dutchman,” cried one of the young men, “let us see your pictures, if you can swear they are worth looking at!”

“Oh, yes, Captain,” answered the Jew—whether as a matter of courtesy or craft, he styled everybody Captain—“I shall show you, indeed, some very superb pictures!”

So, placing his box in a proper position, he invited the young men and girls to look through the glass orifices of the machine,

and proceeded to exhibit a series of the most outrageous scratchings and daubings as specimens of the fine arts that ever an itinerant showman had the face to impose upon his circle of spectators. The pictures were worn out, moreover, tattered, full of cracks and wrinkles, dingy with tobacco-smoke, and otherwise in a most pitiable condition. Some purported to be cities, public edifices, and ruined castles in Europe; others represented Napoleon's battles and Nelson's sea-fights; and in the midst of these would be seen a gigantic, brown, hairy hand—which might have been mistaken for the Hand of Destiny, though, in truth, it was only the showman's—pointing its forefinger to various scenes of the conflict, while its owner gave historical illustrations. When, with much merriment at its abominable deficiency of merit, the exhibition was concluded, the German bade little Joe put his head into the box. Viewed through the magnifying glasses, the boy's round, rosy visage assumed the strangest imaginable aspect of an immense Titanic child, the mouth grinning broadly, and the

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eyes and every other feature overflowing with fun at the joke. Suddenly, however, that merry face turned pale, and its expression changed to horror, for this easily impressed and excitable child had become sensible that the eye of Ethan Brand was fixed upon him through the glass.

"You make the little man to be afraid, Captain," said the German Jew, turning up the dark and strong outlines of his visage, from his stooping posture. "But look again, and, by chance, I shall cause you to see somewhat that is very fine, upon my word!"

Ethan Brand gazed into the box for an instant, and then starting back, looked fixedly at the German. What had he seen? Nothing, apparently; for a curious youth, who had peeped in almost at the same moment, beheld only a vacant space of canvas.

"I remember you now," muttered Ethan Brand to the showman.

"Ah, Captain," whispered the Jew of Nuremburg, with a dark smile, "I find it to be a heavy matter in my show-box—this Unpardonable Sin! By my faith, Captain,

it has wearied my shoulders, this long day, to carry it over the mountain."

"Peace," answered Ethan Brand, sternly, "or get thee into the furnace yonder!"

The Jew's exhibition had scarcely concluded, when a great, elderly dog—who seemed to be his own master, as no person in the company laid claim to him—saw fit to render himself the object of public notice. Hitherto, he had shown himself a very quiet, well disposed old dog, going round from one to another, and, by way of being sociable, offering his rough head to be patted by any kindly hand that would take so much trouble. But now, all of a sudden, this grave and venerable quadruped, of his own mere motion, and without the slightest suggestion from anybody else, began to run round after his tail, which, to heighten the absurdity of the proceeding, was a great deal shorter than it should have been. Never was seen such headlong eagerness in pursuit of an object that could not possibly be attained; never was heard such a tremendous outbreak of growling, snarling, barking, and

snapping—as if one end of the ridiculous brute's body were at deadly and most unforgivable enmity with the other. Faster and faster, roundabout went the cur; and faster and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail; and louder and fiercer grew his yells of rage and animosity; until, utterly exhausted, and as far from the goal as ever, the foolish old dog ceased his performance as suddenly as he had begun it. The next moment he was as mild, quiet, sensible, and respectable in his deportment, as when he first scraped acquaintance with the company.

As may be supposed, the exhibition was greeted with universal laughter, clapping of hands, and shouts of encore, to which the canine performer responded by wagging all that there was to wag of his tail, but appeared totally unable to repeat his very successful effort to amuse the spectators.

Meanwhile, Ethan Brand had resumed his seat upon the log, and moved, it might be, by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of this self-pursuing cur, he broke into the awful laugh,

which, more than any other token, expressed the condition of his inward being. From that moment, the merriment of the party was at an end; they stood aghast, dreading lest the inauspicious sound should be reverberated around the horizon, and that mountain would thunder it to mountain, and so the horror be prolonged upon their ears. Then, whispering one to another that it was late—that the moon was almost down—that the August night was growing chill—they hurried homeward, leaving the lime-burner and little Joe to deal as they might with their unwelcome guest. Save for these three human beings the open space on the hillside was a solitude, set in a vast gloom of forest. Beyond that darksome verge, the fire-light glimmered on the stately trunks and almost black foliage of pines, intermixed with the lighter verdure of saplings, oaks, maples, and poplars, while here and there lay the gigantic corpses of dead trees, decaying on the leaf-strewn soil. And it seemed to little Joe—a timorous and imaginative child—that the silent forest was holding its breath, until some fearful thing should happen.

Ethan Brand thrust more wood into the fire, and closed the door of the kiln; then looking over his shoulder at the lime-burner and his son, he bade, rather than advised, them to retire to rest.

"For myself I cannot sleep," said he. "I have matters that it concerns me to meditate upon. I will watch the fire, as I used to do in the old time."

"And call the devil out of the furnace to keep you company, I suppose," muttered Bartram, who had been making intimate acquaintance with the black bottle above-mentioned. "But watch if you like, and call as many devils as you like! For my part, I shall be all the better for a snooze. Come, Joe!"

As the boy followed his father into the hut, he looked back at the wayfarer, and the tears came into his eyes, for his tender spirit had an intuition of the bleak and terrible loneliness in which this man had enveloped himself.

When they had gone, Ethan Brand sat listening to the crackling of the kindled wood,

and looking at the little spirits of fire that issued through the chinks of the door. These trifles, however, once so familiar, had but the slightest hold of his attention, while deep within his mind he was reviewing the gradual but marvelous change that had been wrought upon him by the search to which he had devoted himself. He remembered how the night dew had fallen upon him—how the dark forest had whispered to him—how the stars had gleamed upon him—a simple and loving man, watching his fire in the years gone by, and even musing as it burned. He remembered with what tenderness, with what love and sympathy for mankind, and what pity for human guilt and woe, he had first begun to contemplate those ideas which afterward became the inspiration of his life; with what reverence he had then looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally divine, and however desecrated, still to be held sacred by a brother; with what awful fear he had deprecated the success of his pursuit, and prayed that the Unpardonable Sin might never be

revealed to him. Then ensued that vast intellectual development, which in its progress, disturbed the counterpoise between his mind and heart. The Idea had possessed his life, had operated as a means of education; it had gone on cultivating his powers to the highest point of which they were susceptible; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered laborer to stand on a star-light eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth, laden with the lore of universities, might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered—had contracted—had hardened—had perished! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother-man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and, at length, converting man and woman to be his puppets, and

pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort and inevitable development—as the bright and gorgeous flower, and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labor—he had produced the Unpardonable Sin!

“What more have I to seek? What more to achieve?” said Ethan Brand to himself. “My task is done, and well done!”

Starting from the log with a certain alacrity in his gait, and ascending the hillock of earth that was raised against the stone circumference of the lime-kiln, he thus reached the top of the structure. It was a space of perhaps ten feet across, from edge to edge, presenting a view of the upper surface of the immense mass of broken marble with which the kiln was heaped. All these innumerable blocks and fragments of marble were red hot and vividly on fire, sending up

great spouts of blue flame, which quivered aloft and danced madly, as within a magic circle, and sank and rose again, with continual and multitudinous activity. As the lonely man bent forward over this terrible body of fire, the blasting heat smote up against his person with a breath that, it might be supposed, would have scorched and shriveled him up in a moment.

Ethan Brand stood erect, and raised his arms on high. The blue flames played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited its expression: it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into his gulf of intensest torment.

"Oh, Mother Earth," cried he, "who are no more my Mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved! Oh, mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off, and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! Oh, stars of Heaven, that shone on me of old, as if to light me onward and upward!—farewell all, and forever. Come, deadly element of Fire—henceforth my familiar friend! Embrace me as I do thee!"

That night the sound of a fearful peal of laughter rolled heavily through the sleep of the lime-burner and his little son: dim shapes of horror and anguish haunted their dreams, and seemed still present in the rude hovel when they opened their eyes to the daylight.

"Up, boy, up!" cried the lime-burner, staring about him. "Thank Heaven, the night is gone at last, and rather than pass such another, I would watch my lime-kiln, wide awake, for a twelvemonth. This Ethan Brand, with his humbug of an Unpardonable Sin, has done me no such mighty favor in taking my place!"

He issued from the hut, followed by little Joe, who kept fast hold of his father's hand. The early sunshine was already pouring its gold upon the mountain tops; and though the valleys were still in shadow, they smiled cheerfully in the promise of the bright day that was hastening onward. The village, completely shut in by hills, which swelled away gently about it, looked as if it had rested peacefully in the hollow of the great hand of Providence. Every dwelling was distinctly

visible; the little spires of the two churches pointed upward, and caught a fore-glimmering of brightness from the sun-gilt skies upon their gilded weathercocks. The tavern was astir, and the figure of the old, smoke-dried stage agent, cigar in mouth, was seen beneath the stoop. Old Graylock was glorified with a golden cloud upon his head. Scattered likewise over the breasts of the surrounding mountains, there were heaps of hoary mist, in fantastic shapes, some of them far down into the valley, others high up toward the summits, and still others, of the same family of mist or cloud, hovering in the gold radiance of the upper atmosphere. Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in air, it seemed almost as if a mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a day-dream to look at it.

To supply that charm of the familiar and homely, which Nature so readily adopts into a scene like this, the stage-coach was rattling

down the mountain road, and the driver sounded his horn, while echo caught up the notes and intertwined them into a rich, and varied, and elaborate harmony, of which the original performer could lay claim to little share. The great hills played a concert among themselves, each contributing a strain of airy sweetness.

Little Joe's face brightened at once.

"Dear father," cried he, skipping cheerily to and fro, "that strange man is gone, and the sky and the mountains all seem glad of it!"

"Yes," growled the lime-burner, with an oath, "but he has let the fire go down, and no thanks to him if five hundred bushels of lime are not spoilt. If I catch the fellow hereabouts again I shall feel like tossing him into the furnace!"

With his long pole in his hand he ascended to the top of the kiln. After a moment's pause he called to his son.

"Come up here, Joe!" said he.

So little Joe ran up the hillock and stood by his father's side. The marble was all burnt

into perfect, snow-white lime. But on its surface, in the midst of the circle—snow-white too, and thoroughly converted into lime—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lies down to long repose. Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart.

“Was the fellow’s heart made of marble?” cried Bartram, in some perplexity at this phenomenon. “At any rate, it is burnt into what looks like special good lime, and, taking all the bones together, my kiln is half a bushel the richer for him.”

So saying, the rude lime-burner lifted his pole, and, letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumbled into fragments.

The Blind Girl.

Darkness where’er I go!

No earth, nor sky, nor blessed light for me—
But a deep, yearning woe

For the bright things I never more may see,
But which, like lovely phantoms, still remain,
Haunting the veiled chambers of the brain.

And, when kind words are spoken
Like holy breathings from a land unseen,
My heart is well-nigh broken,
To think that it can only darkly dream,
What form may wear the sweet-toned instrument,
Where love hath all its gentlest music blent.

Yet memory still is mine,
And what lone treasure it gives back again!
My girlhood's happy time —
The forms and faces so familiar then;
And, shining like a star through my dark night,
Is one who was as dear to me as sight.

It is before me now,
Wearing the looks I loved so to behold:
The same calm, thoughtful brow,
And loving smile, that ne'er for me was cold;
'Tis 'mid my desert a fresh, lovely spot,
And one which even blindness withers not.

But oh! to feel how vain
The hopes which come around us like sweet flowers!
It almost sears my brain,
To think through life such will no more be ours;
Yet it is but the wreck of earth's frail bark!
Father of Light! let not my soul be dark!

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A Beautiful Sermon.

Love is represented as the fulfilling of the law—a creature's perfection. All other graces, all divine dispensations contribute to this, and are lost in it as in a heaven. It expels the dross of our nature; it overcomes sorrow; it is the full joy of our Lord.

Let us contemplate its capacities and resources as applied to the experience of life. Property and business may fail, and still the eye of hope may fix itself on other objects, and confidence may strengthen itself in other schemes, but when death enters into our family and loved ones are missing from our sight, though God may have made their bed in sickness, and established their hope in death, nothing can then relieve us but trust and love. Philosophy and pleasure do but intrude upon and aggravate our grief. But love, the light of God, may chase away the gloom of this hour, and start up in the soul

trusts, which give the victory over ourselves. The harp of the spirit, though its chords be torn, never yields such sweet notes, such swelling harmony, as when the world can draw no music from it. How often do we see strokes fall on the heart, which it would be but mockery for man to attempt to relieve, and which yet served to unlock the treasures of that heart and reveal a sweetness to it, which it had not known before. See that mother. She loves and mourns as none but a mother can. Behold the greatness and the sweetness of her grief! Her child is dead, and she says "It is well with me, and it is well with my child. It is well because God has taken him; He has said 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' that he doth not willingly afflict, and I know it must be well." Can there be any greatness greater than this? Did ever any prince at the head of invincible armies win a victory like it? Her heart is in heaviness and her home is desolated, but she has been to her heavenly Father and unbosomed her griefs before him. There is peace on her saddened countenance, peace in her gentle

words, the peace of God has come down and is filling her trusting soul. How sweet and soft is her sorrow, and how it softens and awes without agitating others!

It is related that on a small, and rocky, and almost inaccessible island, is the residence of a poor widow. The passage of the place is exceedingly dangerous to vessels, and her cottage is called the "Lighthouse," from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. Early and late she may be seen trimming her lamp with oil, lest some misguided bark may perish through her neglect. For this she asks no reward. But her kindness stops not here. When any vessel is wrecked, she rests not till the chilled mariners come ashore to share her little board, and be warmed by her glowing fire. This poor woman in her younger, perhaps not happier days, though happy they must have been, for sorrow cannot lodge in such a heart, witnessed her husband struggling with the waves and swallowed up by the remorseless billows,

"In sight of home and friends who thronged to save,"

This directed her benevolence toward those who brave the dangers of the deep; this prompted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only, her sufficient enjoyment is in doing good. Sweet and blessed fruit of bereavement! What beauty is here! a loveliness I would little speak of, but more revere! a flower crushed indeed, yet sending forth its fragrance to all around! Truly, as the sun seems greatest in his lowest estate, so did sorrow enlarge her heart and make her appear the more noble, the lower it brought her down. We cannot think that she was unhappy, though there was a remembered grief in her heart. A grieved heart may be a richly stored one. Where charity abounds, misery cannot.

“Such are the tender woes of love,
Fost’ring the heart they bend.”

A pious lady who had lost her husband, was for a time inconsolable. She could not think, scarcely could she speak of any thing but him. Nothing seemed to take her attention but the three promising children he had left her, imaging to her his presence, his

look, his love. But soon these were all taken ill and died within a few days of each other, and now the childless mother was calmed even by the greatness of the stroke. The hand of God was thus made visible to her. She could see nothing but his work in the dispensation. Thus was the passion of her grief allayed. Her indisposition to speak of her loss, her solemn repose, was the admiration of all beholders. The Lord had not slain her; he had slain what was more than life, that in which the sweets of life were treasured up, that which she would give life to redeem, and yet could she say, "I will trust in Him." As the lead that goes quickly down to the ocean's depth, ruffles its surface less than lighter things, so the blow which was strongest, did not so much disturb her calm of mind, but drove her to its proper trust.

We had a friend loved and lovely. He had genius and learning. He had all qualities, great and small, blending in a most attractive whole—a character as much to be loved as admired, as truly gentle as it was great, and so combining opposite excellencies

that each was beautified by the other. Between him and her who survives him there was a reciprocity of taste and sympathy—a living in each other, so that her thoughts seemed but the pictures of his—her mind but a glass that showed the very beauty that looked into it, or rather became itself that beauty. Dying in his dying, she did not all die. Her love, the heart's animation, lifted her up; her sense of loss was merged for a while in her love and confidence of his good estate. In strong and trusting thoughts of him as a happy spirit, and of God as his and her portion, she rested in a cloud. A falling from this elevation, was truly a coming to one's self from God—a leaving of heaven for earth. Let her tell the rest in words as beautiful as they are true to nature. "My desolating loss I realize more and more. For many weeks his peaceful and triumphant departure left such an elevating influence on my mind, that I could only think of him as a pure and happy spirit. But now my feelings have become more selfish, and I long for the period to arrive, when

I may lay down by his side and be re-united in a noble and more enduring union than even that which was ours here."

Thus does the mind, when it ceases to look upward, fall from its elevation. Thus is the low note of sadness heard running through all the music of life, when ourselves are the instruments we play upon. The sorrow that deepens not love, and runs not off with it, must ever flood the spirit and bear it down. Our best and sweetest life, that which we live in the good of others, is richly stocked with charities. The life which we live in ourselves, that which depends on our stores, is master only of chaff and smoke, when they are taken away, and destitute of that last relieving accommodation, a resigned spirit. The young man whom Jesus told to sell all his goods and give to the poor, and he should have treasure in heaven—should be truly enriched—"was sad at that saying." He understood not the riches of love, which never feels itself so wealthy as when it has expended all in obedience to the commands it honors; never so well furnished against

want and sorrow, as when best assured of the approbation of its object. In that we are creatures, we see how poor we must be having nothing laid up in the Creator. Selfishness is poverty; it is the most utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to his relief; it adds soreness to his sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses he is liable to endure, and when goaded to extremes, often turns destroyer and strikes its last blows on himself. It gives us nothing to rest in or to fly to, in trouble; it turns our affections on ourselves, self on self, as the sap of a tree descending out of season from its heavenward branches, and making not only its life useless, but its growth downward.

If there is any thing about us which good hearts will reverence, it is our grief at the loss of those we love. It is a condition in which we seem to be smitten by a Divine hand, and thus made sacred. It is a grief, too, which greatly enriches the heart, when rightly borne. There may be no rebellion of the will, the sweetest sentiments toward God

and our fellow beings may be deepened, and still the desolation caused in the treasured sympathies and hopes of the heart gives a new color to the entire scene of life. The dear affections which grow out of the consanguinities and connections of life, next to those we owe to God, are the most sacred of our being; and if the hopes and revelations of a future state did not come to our aid, our grief would be immoderate and inconsolable, when these relations are broken by death.

But we are not left to sorrow in darkness. Death is as the foreshadowing of life. We die that we may die no more. So short, too, is our life here, a mortal life at best, and so endless is the life on which we enter at death, an immortal life, that the consideration may well moderate our sorrow at parting. All who live must be separated by the great appointment, and if the change is their gain, we poorly commend our love to them, more poorly our love to Christ, who came to redeem them and us, for the end of taking us to his rest, if we refuse to be comforted

Yes, it is selfish to dwell on our griefs, as though some strange thing had happened to us; as though they were too important to be relieved, or it were a virtue to sink under them. I would revere all grief of this kind, yet I would say there is such a thing as a will of cherishing it, which makes it rather killing than improving in its effect. This may be done under a conceit of duty or gratitude to the dead. It may be done as a sacrifice to what we deem is expected of us, or as a thing becoming in the eyes of others. But the bereavement seems rather sanctified which saddens not the heart overmuch, and softens without withering it; which refuses no comfort or improvement we can profitably receive, and imposes no restraints on the rising hopes of the heart; which, in short, gives way and is lost in an overgrowth of kind and grateful affections.

The Daisy.

The daisy blossoms on the rocks,
Amid the purple heath;
It blossoms on the river's banks,
That threads the glens beneath;
The eagle, at his pride of place,
Beholds it by his nest;
And in the mead it cushions soft
The lark's descending breast.

Before the cuckoo, earliest spring
Its silver circles knows,
When greening buds begin to swell,
And zephyr melts the snows;
And when December breezes howl
Along the moorland bare,
And only blooms the Christmas rose,
The daisy still is there.

Samaritan of flowers! to it
All races are alike;
The Schwitzer on his glacier height —
The Dutchman by his dyke —
The seal-skin vested Esquimaux,
Begirt with icy seas —

And underneath his burning noon,
 The parasoled Chinese.
 The emigrant on distant shore,
 'Mid scenes and faces strange,
 Beholds its flowering on the sward,
 Where'er his footsteps range;
 And when his yearning, home-sick heart,
 Would bow to its despair,
 It reads his eye a lesson sage—
 That God is everywhere!

Death of Little Children.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A Grecian philosopher, being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was in vain, replied, "I weep on that account."—And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to contend, that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil on which they pour, would be

worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible “flesh quakers.”

There are sorrows, it is true, so great that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These, we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist, or bow quietly and drily down, in order to let them pass over us, as the traveler does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they can not help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child;

but, in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles toward a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness: and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strong they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to us. We see from our window the trees about it, and the church spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are traveling over head

alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are, nevertheless, calling to mind the far distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in the grave had many reasons to think of. And yet, the sight of this spot does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field: and gives a more material aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gayety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gayety, freed from its only pollutions—malignity and want of sympathy—is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could; the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from death, is the only wish we can associate with their memories. There are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is part of the benignity of Nature that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time, much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory, as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like ourselves quarrel with earthly pain (we mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything

about abilities or otherwise,) they are misunderstood, if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavors, at all times, to turn pain into pleasure, or at least to set off the one with the other, to make the former a zest and the latter a refreshment.

The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this, and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence toward others, the most unselfish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. We are far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. We are far, indeed, from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain when most unselfish, if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darkest hue of the rainbow melts into

the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind, (and ill health, for instance, may draw it,) we should not quarrel with it if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but, in our composition, something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine an account as possible, though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in

order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child.

They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbors with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly

harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "Of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

The Duty.

BRETHREN of the sacred band,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Proudly we the champions stand
Of the cause of truth.

Freely at her altar's shrine,
Guided by a love divine,
We our noblest powers combine,
Manhood, age and youth.

Where the tear of woe is shed,
Where the orphan cries for bread,
Where the shaft of death hath sped
To some brother's heart.

Hastening at a summons brief,
Still to soothe the mourner's grief,
Still for want to bring relief,
We must bear our part.

Still at night, with tireless eye,
Where the sons of anguish lie,
Watching, till the stars on high,
Flee the morning light.

Searching out with burning love,
Where the frail and erring rove,
We the wrong with tears reprove,
And sustain the right.

Never, from our duty stern,
With unwilling hearts we turn;
For our swelling bosoms yearn.
O'er the woes of man.

At our Order's high behest,
Forth we speed, nor pause for rest,
Fain to fling a halo blest,
Round life's fleeting span.

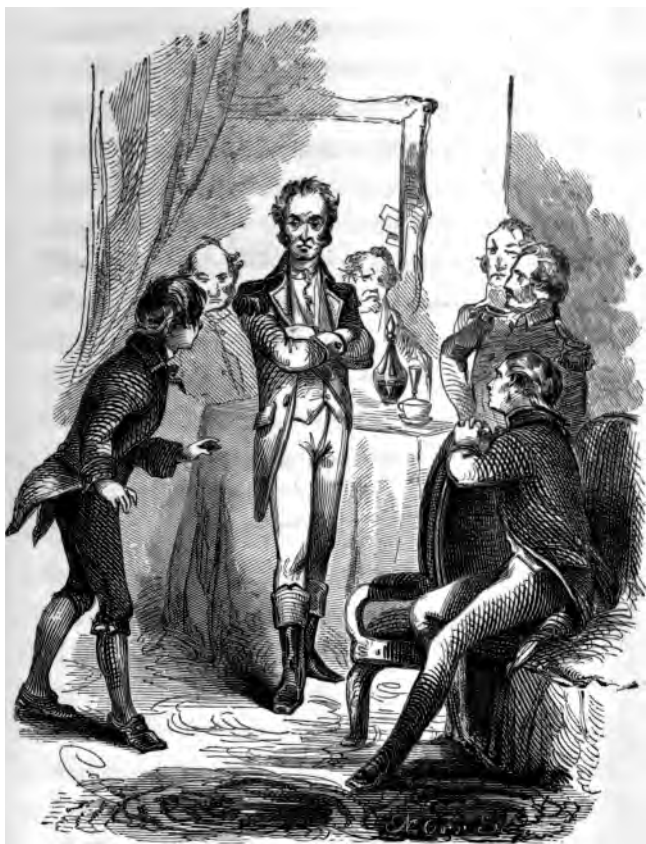
Brethren of the sacred band,
Let us labor, hand in hand;
Friends to aid, and foes withstand,
With unwavering trust.

For our vows of Truth and Love,
Have been registered above,
And unchanged their bonds will prove
Till we part in death.

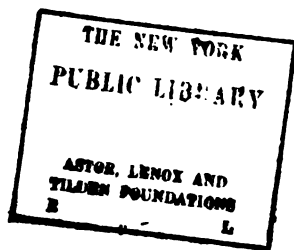
The Jeweled Watch.

Among the many officers who, at the close of the peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Captain Dutton of the —th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and "love in a cottage," the pair, who were equally unskillful in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when, at the end of the first year, a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nurse-maids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the et cæteras appertaining to the introduction



"Crossing his arms on his breast, he declared that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him,"



and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Captain Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvelous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heirloom. Our modern magician, however,

candidly confessed that he still wanted the "slave of the lamp," or, in other words, ready money, to set the invention a-going; and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Captain Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense probably of a semi-dislocation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight-syllabled title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue—the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sound believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure; its light was brilliant enough; but the odor it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so every way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once, seldom

submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time the accounts of the business transmitted to Captain Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones; but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of the cent-per-cent profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner set off one morning to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the

unpronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Captain Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world, before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbors from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their

little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked, as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight, at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment, but the soldier who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate; and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering place,

near which the Duttons resided, and hired for a season, a handsomely furnished house. Walking one morning on the sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw with surprise, his former commander approaching; and with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of General Vernon was not to be eluded, and intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed—"what, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighborhood, eh?"

"Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service."

"And you sold out, I think—to please the mistress I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lesson for taking you from us."

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labors, rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the

best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which, the ex-soldier, like the war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand, and said—"you'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse; you must not turn hermit on our hands."

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thought accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded toward home, and announced their rencounter to his wife. She, poor woman, took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day in due time he arrived at

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General Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watch-making happening to be mentioned as one of the arts which had, during late years, been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less valuable for its richly jeweled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests; then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollecting his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the

dining-room table where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened; he could not find the watch. General Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company, may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room?"

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the general, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

General Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, "might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I

propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient; let us all be searched."

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first victim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Captain Dutton alone took no share in what was going on; his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord, and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

"Now for it, Johnson!" cried one to the valet.

"Johnson, we're watching you!" said another; "produce the culprit."

The servant advanced, but Dutton crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying, "Captain Dutton is right; this child's play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and myself."

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. General Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Captain Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage, and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

"What has happened?" she cried.

"Nothing," replied her husband, throwing

himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. "You have cost me very dear," he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. "Not now, Jane," he said, "to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all."

Early next morning, he went to General Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked; another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. "This man, at all events," he thought, "knows nothing of what has passed." Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low, hurried voice.

"General Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and

humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and to myself to make it."

His auditor tried to speak, but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. "My misery is at its height; that is my only excuse. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving."

"My friend!" cried the general with emotion. But Dutton proceeded.

"I cannot describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Jane, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give to her baby; of my little pale thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two dates from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame, had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witnesses of my cruel poverty. Now, general, you know all; and but for fear of being suspected by you of a crime, my distress should never have been known!"

"A life of unblemished honor," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he showed the missing watch. "It is I," continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence I had dropped it into my waistcoat pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing."

"If I had only known!" murmured poor Dutton.

"Don't regret what has occurred," said the general, pressing his hand kindly. "It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you."

In a few days, Captain Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled, and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologize for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Captain Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin; it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

I Love To Live.

"I love to live," said a prattling boy,
As he gaily played with his new-bought toy,
And a merry laugh went echoing forth,
From a bosom filled with joyous mirth.

"I love to live," said a stripling bold —
"I will seek for fame — I will toil for gold,"
And he formed in his pleasure many a plan,
To be carried out when he grew a man.

"I love to live," said a lover true,
"Oh, gentle maid, I would live for you;
I have labored hard in search of fame —
I have found it but an empty name."

"I love to live," said a happy sire,
As his children neared the country fire;
For his heart was cheered to see their joy,
And he almost wished himself a boy.

"I love to live," said an aged man,
Whose hour of life was well-nigh ran —
Think you such words from him were wild?
The old man was again a child.

And ever thus in this fallen world,
Is the banner of hope to the breeze unfurled,
And only with a hope on high,
Can a mortal ever love to die.

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3 Live Co Love.

"I live to love," said a laughing girl,
And she playfully tossed each flaxen curl;
And she climbed on her loving father's knee,
And snatched a kiss in her childish glee.

"I live to love," said a maiden fair,
As she twined a wreath for her sister's hair;
They were bound by the chords of love together,
And death alone could these sisters sever.

"I live to love," said a gay young bride,
Her loved one standing by her side;
Her life told again what her lips had spoken,
And never was the link of affection broken.

"I live to love," said a mother kind —
"I would live a guide to the infant mind;
Her precepts and example given,
Guided her children home to Heaven.

"I shall live to love," said a fading form:
And her eye was bright and her cheek grew warm
As she thought on the blissful world on high,
She would live to love and never die.

And ever thus in this lower world,
Should the banner of love be wide unfurled:
And when we meet in the world above,
We may love to live and live to love.

The Soldier's Son.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

"Shall I take your baggage, sir?" said an intelligent looking boy to a traveler, who had just arrived at one of the principal hotels at Louisville.

"My servant takes charge of it," replied the gentleman; but struck with the peculiar interest of his countenance, as the boy retired, he flung him a piece of money. The boy looked at it with hesitation, and his pale cheek reddened to crimson. Picking it up at length, he approached the traveler with an air of embarrassment.

"Excuse me, sir, I sought for employment, not alms."

"True my little son," said the gentleman, laughing, "but you surely will not return so small a trifle on my hands."

The boy stood for a moment in silence. His young spirit evidently recoiled from the idea of appropriating the humiliating gift, and he remained twirling it in his fingers. There was an expression of mingled haughtiness and gratitude in his manly features, and his slender form assumed all the irregular attitudes of indecision. At this moment a beggar approached, and his countenance brightened.

"Permit me," said he, bowing gracefully to the traveler, "permit me to transfer your bounty." And presenting the coin to the humble mendicant, he instantly disappeared.

The little incident made a strong impression on the mind of the stranger: and two days afterward, he distinguished the elastic figure of the boy among a group of laborers. Pleased at again seeing him, he immediately approached him.

"May I seek your name my young acquaintance?" he inquired in a tone of kindness.

"Alvah Hamilton," replied the boy, and he still continued to ply the instrument of labor with increasing diligence.

Our traveler, whose name was Courtney, looked at him with increased interest. The extreme beauty of his countenance, its marked expression of high and noble feeling, strongly contrasted with the coarseness of his dress and the rudeness of his employment.

"Have you no parents?" inquired Mr. Courtney.

"I have yet a father."

"And what is his vocation?"

"He is a worn out soldier, sir, of the revolution." And the boy applied himself to his task with an intensity, that seemed intended to prevent any further interrogation. The tenacious stranger, however, was not to be shaken off.

"Do you live with your father?"

"Certainly sir."

"And where."

The boy pointed in silence to a decayed and miserable looking dwelling. Mr. Courtney sighed. A keen November blast, which at the moment whistled around him, told him the inadequacy of such a shelter.

"A soldier," he mentally exclaimed; "and

The boy stood for a moment in silence. His young spirit evidently recoiled from the idea of appropriating the humiliating gift, and he remained twirling it in his fingers. There was an expression of mingled haughtiness and gratitude in his manly features, and his slender form assumed all the irregular attitudes of indecision. At this moment a beggar approached, and his countenance brightened.

"Permit me," said he, bowing gracefully to the traveler, "permit me to transfer your bounty." And presenting the coin to the humble mendicant, he instantly disappeared.

The little incident made a strong impression on the mind of the stranger: and two days afterward, he distinguished the elastic figure of the boy among a group of laborers. Pleased at again seeing him, he immediately approached him.

"May I seek your name my young acquaintance?" he inquired in a tone of kindness.

"Alvah Hamilton," replied the boy, and he still continued to ply the instrument of labor with increasing diligence.

Our traveler, whose name was Courtney, looked at him with increased interest. The extreme beauty of his countenance, its marked expression of high and noble feeling, strongly contrasted with the coarseness of his dress and the rudeness of his employment.

"Have you no parents?" inquired Mr. Courtney.

"I have yet a father."

"And what is his vocation?"

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"A soldier," he mentally exclaimed; "and

perhaps his blood has been shed to secure the rights of those who now revel in luxury."

A few hours afterward he knocked at the door of the shattered habitation. If an interest in the father had been already awakened by the son, it was at once confirmed, by the appearance of the old man now before him. He had raised his head slowly from his staff, on which he was leaning at the entrance of the stranger, and discovered a countenance where the lines of sorrow and suffering were distinctly traced. Still there was something in his high, though furrowed brow, that told his affinity with the proud Alvah. And the ravages of infirmity had not altogether robbed his wasted form of the dignity of the soldier.

"Will you pardon the intrusion of a stranger?" said Mr. Courtney. "I have been led hither merely to chat an hour with a revolutionary veteran."

"He who comes to cheer the solitude of darkness must be welcome," said the old man; and Mr. Courtney now perceived that he was utterly blind. The events of the revolution

afforded an easy clue to conversation, and they chatted without effort.

"I would," said Mr. Courtney, "that every one who assisted in our glorious struggle, might individually share the prosperity it has confirmed to our nation. I fear, however, that there are many whose blood has even cemented the proud fabric of our independence, that are themselves left in want and obscurity."

"True," said the old man, "the decayed soldier, whose strength was wasted in the conflict, has but little for himself at home. But I trust his posterity will reap the harvest he has sown."

"You have a son," said Mr. Courtney, "worthy of such a harvest. Is the youth, called Alvah, your all?"

"All that survives of a large family. He alone, the child of my old age, has been spared to save me from public dependence."

"Have you been long deprived of sight?" asked Mr. Courtney.

"Only two years."

"And during that period have you had no resource but the labor of your son?"

"None—but the wants of a soldier are few, and the filial piety of my boy, renders him cheerful under every privation that affects only himself. He labors incessantly, and I have no regret, but that of seeing him thus fettered to servitude."

"I would," said Mr. Courtney with enthusiasm, "I would I could place him in a sphere more suited to his worth. With the advantages of education, he would become an ornament to society. But this, under your peculiar circumstances, he cannot have, even in an ordinary degree."

"But for his taste for learning," said the old soldier, "he must have been utterly destitute. There were hours, however, when he could not labor; and as those were invariably devoted to study, he has gradually acquired its common principles."

The entrance of Alvah himself, interrupted the conversation. He had brought some little delicacies for his father, the avails of his day's labor.

"I have just been thinking," said Mr. Courtney, "of making some arrangements

with the approbation of your father, for your future establishment. I grieve to see a boy of promise thus losing the spring-time of life."

"You forget sir," said Alvah, respectfully bowing, "that I can accept no proposal that would separate me from my father, however advantageous."

"Certainly not, in his present situation; but I have friends here, who will readily assist me in making a suitable provision for his support, and you may then be put to business that will secure you a future competence."

"Impossible, sir. My father can have no claims like those on his son. 'Tis but a short time since my weakness required his support, and shall I now transfer the duties of filial gratitude to the hand of charity?"

Mr. Courtney knew not what to reply.

"Do not think me ungrateful for your proffered kindness," continued the boy, while his dark eyes swam in tears, and every trace of pride suddenly gave place to the liveliest expression of gratitude; "I feel deeply your benevolent solicitude for my interest, but indeed, sir, I am perfectly happy in my present

condition. My father, too, is satisfied with the slender provision my labor affords, and should it hereafter become insufficient, I will not scruple to ask the aid of benevolence."

Mr. Courtney was affected. The soldier had again leaned his head over his staff, and was probably invoking blessings on the head of his son! A storm had commenced, and the sleet was even then dripping through the broken roof. Mr. Courtney rose to depart.

"Must I then go," he exclaimed, "without rendering you any service? Will you not accept—" and he put his hand in his pocket; but Alvah drew back with an expression that answered the unfinished sentence. The old man gave him his hand with a smile of benignity.

"Accept my thanks, sir, and suffer me to crave the name of him who has thus sought the dwelling of poverty."

The stranger gave his name and address, and receiving a promise that they would seek him in future need, he reluctantly left them.

Mr. Courtney was a man of feeling, but he was also a man of pleasure; and with the

rotaries of dissipation, the soft and holy whisperings of benevolence are too often lost in more seductive strains. The scene he had now witnessed had, however, awakened all his better principles. The dignified submission of the father—the proud humility of the son, preferring the most servile labor to the shadow of dependence—his deep, but quiet tenderness for his unfortunate parent, and his perfect exemption from selfish feeling—all were impressed on their visitant. If an intercourse with the good, influences cold and torpid hearts—as is beautifully exemplified by the Persian fable of the piece of clay, that became an odoriferous substance, by the contact of the rose—that influence must be strong indeed on the soul of feeling. The gems of the heart but let the language of pure and elevated sentiments be heard, and the chords of responsive feeling at once awaken like the sleeping tones of the harp attuned by the winds of heaven. For a little time, the pageantry of the world lost its power on the mind of the gay Courtney, and the haunts of pleasure were forgotten. He

shuddered as he contrasted the elegancies which surrounded him, with the destitution he had witnessed. The straw pallet of age and infirmity—the scanty fuel—the precarious supply—the picture that memory drew seemed even yet more vivid than the reality.

The following day Mr. Courtney had left the city, but a blank cover, inclosing five hundred dollars, had been placed by an unknown hand in that of the old soldier. Years passed away, and the glow of unearthly pleasure that the traveler then experienced, was gradually forgotten. The blandishments of pleasure resumed their wonted influence—her glittering wave again hurried him onward, without the power of reflection; and if a momentary wish would have led him to inquire the farther fate of Alvah Hamilton, the bright phantasma that surrounded him, diverted his purpose. Death had deprived him of an amiable wife, whose influence might have won him from the sphere of illusion, and his only child, early accustomed to the round of fashionable pursuits, thought not of opposing them. The exalted

sentiments, however, which even in childhood she had imbibed from her mother, preserved her from their contaminating influence; and amid the blights of a gay world, the purity of her character remained stainless as the snows of the unapproachable cliff. Gentle as the reed of summer, she yielded to the impulse of those with whom her lot was cast; but her mind, supported by a high and frequent communion with the memory of her sainted parent, escaped the thralldom, which habit might otherwise have secured. At the age of fifteen, she accompanied an invalid friend to the medicinal springs at Ballston.

This village, at the time, was a place of fashionable resort, and to a mind like Isabel Courtney's afforded themes of limitless reflection. The buoyancy of health was here contrasted with the languor of disease—the hectic of death with the laugh of revelry—palpable images of mortality mingled with the votaries of pleasure—the listless who strove to annihilate time, and the dying, who sought to add yet a few days to those they had now to number.

Soon after the arrival of Isabel, she was one day struck, on entering the common sitting-room, by an old man, who sat alone and apparently unnoticed. His sightless eyes, his palsied limbs, and the white locks that were thinly scattered over his pallid temples, all at once riveted her attention. Her heart throbbed with pity, but reverence mingled with compassion as she marked the settled and placid expression of his countenance. At no great distance, a group of ladies were indulging in bursts of levity, that, at this moment, struck most discordantly on her heart.

She felt that the presence of unfortunate age should at least inspire respect, and involuntarily approaching the unheeded old man, she was half resolved to address him. Her natural timidity, however, still withheld her, till at length called by one of the hoyden group to partake of some strawberries. The irresolute expression of her countenance, at once changed to that of pleasure.

"I will beg some," she said, unhesitatingly presenting her work-basket, "for this old

gentleman,"—and she now approached him without embarrassment—"will you accept some strawberries, sir?"

The voice of Isabel was like the low, dying tones of an instrument; it touched every chord of the soul. The old man received them with a smile that spoke a benediction, while an elegant though youthful stranger, who stood reading a newspaper with his back toward them, suddenly turned round and fixed his eyes on the blushing girl with mingled admiration and surprise.

She instinctively retreated, and joining the group she had hitherto shunned, mingled in their trifling. Soon after, the youth himself approached with her basket. Presenting it with a look of indescribable import, he said :

"Accept, miss, the thanks and blessings of age for your delicate attention."

He then disappeared. In a short time he returned, and addressed the old man in a tone of respect and tenderness.

"I have at length found more quiet lodgings, sir, and will attend you, whenever you feel able to walk."

The old man rose, and leaning on the arm of the youth, they left the apartment.

"They are then to be temporary sojourners in the village," thought Isabel; and a sensation of pleasure, of which she was perhaps unconscious, arose from the idea of again meeting them. She was not disappointed. They met the next morning at the spring, and again and again met.

Who shall describe the mingling of kindred spirits? Who shall trace the intricate sources of that mysterious passion which sweeps like a torrent over the human soul? Scarcely a word had passed between the youthful strangers—they knew nothing of each other beyond the limits of a few short days; yet the years that had preceded them, had become to them as a tedious dream; the present was their all of existence, and resembled the renovating life of the chrysalis, when it "sails on new wings through the summer air."

As yet, however, unconscious of the dangerous source of this new sense of enjoyment, they met without embarrassment. The blush that dyed the cheek of Isabel in the presence

of the stranger, was that of abstract pleasure; and the light which flashed from his eye at her approach, was brilliant as the rays of heaven. The failing health of the blind old man, whom he daily attended to the spring, afforded their only clue even to passing remark. The deep interest which his appearance excited in the bosom of Isabel, conquered the scruples of vestal reserve, and she frequently ventured a timid inquiry respecting the aged invalid.

There are a thousand nameless attentions, too trifling for description, that come with a cheering influence over the feeling heart, like the imperceptible breeze that stirs the delicate leaf. Such were the attentions which fortune invariably elicited from the hand of Isabel, no matter how narrow her sphere of action. Her voice, her step, were already known to the discriminating ear of the old man; and if his cane was dropped, or a seat was brought him, he knew the ready hand that presented them. He was, however, evidently rapidly failing, and at last Isabel met the interesting stranger no longer.

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Three days passed, and her attendance on her friend became a penance. A walk was proposed, and weary of herself, she gladly became one of the party. As they passed within view of the village cemetery, her gaze was arrested by a funeral procession. Their duties were finished, and they were returning; but there was one who yet lingered, and with folded arms leaned over the new made grave! Could it be? yes, it was the youthful stranger, and Isabel at once comprehended the melancholy scene.

The party proceeded, and ere they returned, the surrounding landscape was flooded with the silver light of a full moon. The feelings of Isabel were rendered yet more intense by the softening influence of the hour, and, almost unable to proceed, she leaned on the arm of the friend, whose health was yet but imperfectly restored, and fell behind her gayer companions. Again her eye was turned to the last asylum of humanity; the solitary mourner had left the spot, and was slowly returning to the village. Their paths intersected, and he was already before her. He

bowed, and both were for some moments silent.

He at length said, in a voice of suppressed emotion :

“The case which brought me hither, is now terminated in the grave. I leave this place to-morrow. Suffer me then, miss, even at this moment of sorrow, to thank you for the interest you may have evinced in the suffering of my departed father, for the soothing attentions you may have paid him. If the cup of affliction is ever yours, may some kind spirit, gentle as your own, temper its bitterness; some being, bright and lovely as yourself, hover round your pillow.”

Isabel could not reply. Her party had now halted, and as she rejoined them, the young stranger uttered a stifled farewell, and striking into another path, disappeared.

On her return, the subdued Isabel was pressed to the bosom of her father. If any thing at this moment could have given her pleasure, it was his arrival, as she panted to leave a spot that was now, to her, utterly devoid of interest. The light adieus of

ceremony were easily concluded, and early the following morning, she was equipped for departure.

As her father handed her into the carriage, he stopped to speak with an acquaintance, while a young man, who was passing at the moment, suddenly paused, and clasping his hand exclaimed :

"Mr. Courtney—my benefactor!"

"I do not understand you, sir," said the astonished Courtney. "I know of no one who can give me so flattering a title."

"Ah," said the young man, whose countenance and voice were but too familiar to the trembling Isabel, "am I then so changed? I am Alvah Hamilton, the soldier's son, whom several years ago you rescued from extreme poverty!"

Mr. Courtney pressed his hand with emotion.

"You mean, my young friend, the scornful boy whom I would have rescued, but for his intolerable pride."

"Oh, sir, evasion is unavailing. We could not mistake the hand that relieved us. Have

you not, then, some interest in hearing—will you not suffer me to tell you, what have been the fruits of your bounty?”

“I shall gladly listen to aught in which you are concerned,” said Mr. Courtney, and Alvah proceeded.

“Two days after you left us, my poor father was removed to a more comfortable shelter, and I was entered at school. I could yet attend to the personal wants of my father, and, incited to exertion by every claim of gratitude and duty, I could but progress in my studies. I was soon a ready penman and accountant, and a year afterward was received into a wealthy mercantile house, as an under clerk. My wages enabled me to make immediate provision for my father, and they were yearly augmented. And now,” he added in a subdued tone, “since he is at length called to receive far higher wealth than that of earth, my first exertions shall be to discharge the pecuniary part of that obligation, which has so greatly influenced my present destiny.”

“The obligation which you speak of,” said Mr. Courtney, “does not exist. An ample

equivalent was at once received in the pleasure of assisting indigent virtue. Do not then wound me again by so unjust an allusion—but tell me, is your venerable father no more?”

Alvah briefly sketched the late events, and Mr. Courtney now shook him warmly by the hand.

“Farewell, dear Alvah. My carriage has been some time waiting. Believe that I rejoice in your prosperity, and remember you may always command my friendship.”

Alvah looked wistfully after him as he departed, but the form of Isabel was not visible. She had shrunk back in the carriage at his approach, and had thus escaped observation. From her father, who, himself too much excited to notice the agitation of his child, she now heard a description of his knowledge of Alvah Hamilton. She made no comments, but every word was treasured up in her heart; and though years passed away without a single event to recall his memory, every vision of her fancy, every idea of moral excellence, in the imagination of Isabel, was

identified with his image. This imperishable attachment, however, partook of the high tone of her mind. It was a deep and sacred principle, hidden in the recesses of her heart and leaving no trace on the surface of her character.

Isabel was far too lovely to remain unsought, and Mr. Courtney was astonished at her decided rejection of repeated and splendid offers. He expostulated, he entreated, he taxed her with perverseness. She deprecated his anger with seraphic gentleness. She anticipated his every other wish, but her firmness remained unshaken. His attention was at length called to objects of yet deeper anxiety.

His love of pleasure, his unbounded expenditures, his recklessness of gain, had gradually wasted an estate, which, though sufficient for all the chaster elegancies of life, was inadequate to the support of prodigality.

He now stood on the verge of ruin, and those who had shared his substance, looked coldly and carelessly on his wreck, while the unhappy Courtney, driven almost to madness,

could scarcely believe the perfidy of the world, he had hitherto implicitly trusted. He was not, however, without a comforter. At this hour of trial, the virtues of his child became more fully developed, as the gems gleam brightest through the shades of darkness. Her affection deepening in intensity, as its object was deserted by others; her fortitude, her cheerfulness now came over his scorched heart with balmy influence. Their family seat was to be publicly sold, and the fearful day arrived. While it was yet crying, a new purchaser appeared, apparently from a distance. His horse dripped with speed, and his countenance was pale and agitated. The property, as is frequent in such cases, was going off at half its value, and the stranger bid it off. Mr. Courtney was still the occupant, and the new proprietor called on him immediately. Isabel at that moment left her father for some domestic call; and the unfortunate man was musing on their impending expulsion from their present residence, when Alvah Hamilton stood suddenly before him.

"Welcome, most welcome, to my heart, dear Alvah," he exclaimed. I can no longer welcome you to my home. You have come but to witness my removal from all that was once mine. I am here only on sufferance. To-morrow I may have no shelter for my head."

"Not so," cried Alvah; "you have yet a shelter: your present home is still yours, and no earthly power can drive you from it."

"What mean you?" said the breathless Courtney.

"Fourteen years since," he replied, "you presented my father a sum which then preserved him from want, and secured me subsequent wealth. He received it but as a loan, and that debt devolved on me. True, you disclaimed it, but it was yet uncanceled. Reluctant to offend you, I delayed its discharge, though the amount was long since appropriated in my imagination for that purpose. It has not, however, lain idle. The profits of the house in which, some years ago, I became a partner, have been considerable. Your little capital has acquired its share, and its

amount, has this day redeemed your forfeited estate. By a mere accident, I had seen it advertised, and I lost no time in hastening hither, and now," he added, taking the hand of Mr. Courtney with a smile, "will you not welcome your Alvah to your home? It is not long since you gave me a check on your friendship—I have come to claim it; and surely you can no longer refuse the title of my benefactor, when from your bounty I derived not only wealth, but the unutterable pleasure of this moment."

Mr. Courtney wept. The thoughtless man of the world wept at the sacred triumph of virtue. Alvah himself was overcome by the scene, and paced the floor in silence. A portrait of Isabel hung directly opposite him, and it now caught his eye. Starting back with amazement, he gazed at it as a lovely phantom. It looked, indeed, like a thing of life. The blue eye seemed to beam with expression through its long dark lashes, and there was surely breath on the deep red lip. Just so the auburn hair was parted on her white forehead when he last saw her. Just

so its shining ringlets strayed over her snowy neck.

"Tell me," he at length exclaimed, turning to Mr. Courtney, "who is the original of this picture?"

Surprised at the agitation of his manner, Mr. Courtney replied—"Have you never seen her?"

"Seen her! O yes; her image has long been engraven on my heart: but of her name I am yet ignorant."

"Her name is Courtney," said the astonished father. "She is my only child."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Alvah, "what new excitement awaits me?"

"May I ask the cause of this emotion, Alvah? How, or in what manner, have you known my beloved Isabel?"

Alvah gave a wild and passionate description of their early and limited acquaintance, and the long concealed attachment of his daughter, was at once revealed to Mr Courtney.

"Tell me," he said, taking the throbbing hand of his friend, "tell me, Alvah, in a sacred

faith, if this imperfect knowledge of my child has awakened a sentiment of tenderness."

Alvah flung himself into his arms.

"Ah, sir, have I not cherished her memory through the long seasons of utter hopelessness—has not my spirit turned from all the allurements of the world, to commune with the recollection of her virtues?"

Mr. Courtney left the room in silence, and returned with the trembling Isabel.

"You are worthy of each other," said he, and joining their hands, he invoked the blessings of Heaven on the dearest objects of his heart. He then left them to pour out his gratitude to Him who had thus redeemed the everlasting promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Oh! Sing me a Song.

"Oh! sing me a song, as I fall asleep,"

Said a little one with a lustrous eye,

"Or tell me a tale of the flowers that peep

In the bright green woods that reach the sky—

That peep in the spring when the birdies sing,
And the heavens are blue as our Nelly's eyes;
Or tell of the child with the angel wing
Who walks in the garden of Paradise!"

I sung him a song — I told him a tale,
And watched by his couch till we thought he slept,
For his cheek was white as the moonbeams pale,
That stealthy and bright near his pillow crept;
Then my words grew faint and my voice sang low,
And I said, in my dream, let the seraphs sing,
But he whispered soft as I rose to go —
"Oh! tell of the child of the angel wing!"

Then I sang again — but he restless grew,
And tossed his young arms as he wildly spoke,
And a burning red on his forehead flew,
As the moon went down and the morning broke.
But he spoke no more of the spring bright flowers,
And he thought no more of his sister's eyes;
One name alone in his feverish hours,
Was breathed in a whisper that pierced the skies.

"My mother's" he said, and his eyes grew dim,
For the sense with her waving lustre fled,
And he never knew that she knelt by him
Whose sun went down at his dying bed!
He has gone where the Seraphs sweetly sing —
His story was brief as the sunset dyes —
He walks with the child of the angel wing,
In the flowery gardens of Paradise

The Mechanic's Wife.

"Well, Augustus," said Marianne, as the former entered a little room, which, without carpet, curtain, or ornament of any kind, served as kitchen, sitting-room, and nursery, "we are really settled at housekeeping. Don't it seem comfortable after so many privations?"

"Yes," answered the young husband, trying to smile, as he glanced, first at his handsome wife, then at the neat little pine supper table, and then at the cradle, where slept a blooming little boy of six months; "but mine is such a life of toil, that I have no time to enjoy any thing, not even to play with Fred."

"But it seems to me," returned the wife, thoughtfully, "that it need not be just so. We are not in debt; we both have health: and I am willing to be very economical, in order that we may have time for enjoyment and improvement, too. Say, shall we make the experiment?"

She handed him a cup of tea as she spoke, and looked up into his face with a sweet, hopeful smile; but his face was deadly pale and an unbidden tear stood in his eye as he answered moodily—"I don't know how that can be. Every moment taken from my labor, is so much taken from our scanty income. We can not afford to attend places of public amusement—in our present low style of living, we cannot mingle in the first society, and I will never consent to enter any other than good society, if we live alone—and as for improvement, my education was so neglected in my childhood, that I have little taste for reading—and besides, we have nothing to read."

"O yes," said his wife, "we have enough to begin with. Here is our beautiful new gilt bible, which we must read morning and evening, and here is our New York paper, with good improving matter enough, to last one or two evenings in a week, and you can easily have a share in a public library to fill up the rest."

"But how shall I find time, my good planning wife."

"Thank you, dear Augustus, for the compliment, and now I will plan on: we will rise early and work diligently all day. Then, if you think you need to work longer, you can bring your work into my room, or I will take Freddy into the shop, and one of us will read and tend the baby, while the other works. Won't that be a good plan?"

"I rather think it will," said the husband, beginning to show a little more interest, "but I'm thinking also, that my hesitating, blundering manner of reading, will not be very edifying to you. I shall make but sorry work of it."

"Well, suppose you do. I have a good Webster's dictionary, and we will have that open beside us, and look out every word which we cannot pronounce, and every word of which we do not understand the meaning. If our progress is slow at first, we shall have nobody to laugh at us, and we shall soon find ourselves improving rapidly."

Augustus smiled incredulously, but seemed disposed to encourage his wife to go on, and therefore said with some animation, "you are

indeed a noble planner. But what shall we do on the Sabbath? I suppose you expect to advance fast in the march of mind, when we have a whole day to ourselves."

"Yes," said Marianne, "I think we may; though our arrangements must be somewhat modified. You know we have a seat in Dr. C.'s church. You must join the young men's bible class, and prepare the lesson in the morning while I attend meeting. Then I will stay in the afternoon, and let you go to the afternoon service and the bible class. In the evening we will read."

"I've no objection to that; but as a compensation for my bible class, you must join the ladies' sewing circle, and I will take care of Freddy one afternoon a week to let you go."

"Thank you, dear husband, and I will gladly accept your offer if you will let me stay alone one evening in a week, while you attend our excellent Lyceum lectures. And now let us begin this very evening. I feel that every moment is lost till we do. We have much encouragement. Only think of the many learned men who have educated

themselves, and risen to respectability and usefulness, wholly by their own exertions, even after they were somewhat advanced in life. Roger Sherman, for instance, and Elihu Burritt, and a host of others."

The young wife became enthusiastic as she proceeded, and would have spent the whole evening in her disquisition upon self-education, had not Freddy, awaking from his nap, required some maternal attentions.

Augustus took up the bible and read a good chapter in Proverbs on the practical duties of life, and declared that he had never before read such a chapter. The plan was fairly begun.

Augustus was a pale, spare young man, of nine and twenty. His education, as he said, had been sadly neglected in his youth. He had been bound apprentice to a coarse, vulgar shoemaker in the country, and had unhappily settled the question in his own mind, that he was doomed to ignorance, and a low, degrading employment for life. He had imagined also that his relations were willing to lose sight of him, and his sensitive nature was

stung to the quick. After a few years of vexation and toil, he wandered far away from home, and friends, and familiar associations, and wonder it was, that he was not hurried away by the whirlpool of error and vice, and dashed upon rocks of utter destruction.

He had, however, been favored with the instructions and prayers of a christian mother; and had seen examples in his own family, of high purpose, and noble and successful effort. He had, therefore, preserved an unsullied reputation, had acquired a little property, had married an intelligent, cheerful, healthy girl of twenty summers, had removed to a "city of shoemakers," where his occupation was honorable, and where his aspirations after respectability and independence might hope to be realized.

But on the afternoon preceding this conversation, he had been unusually annoyed. He had suffered some embarrassment in getting settled in his humble tenement—had sustained some losses, and heard a bitter, sarcastic remark from an aristocrat of the place, which crimsoned his pale cheek, and sent him

home through a cold drizzly rain-storm, wearied in body, depressed, vexed, crushed in spirit, and almost determined never to make another effort.

He was, and supposed he ever must be, a poor shoemaker of L.

* * * * *

Twenty years had elapsed, and a family group were arranged around a marble center table, in the parlor of a magnificent house in the city of L. A gentleman of some fifty years, had just divested himself of his outer garments, and, dressed in a rich velvet gown and embroidered slippers, sat reading the journals of the day. A lady some years younger, sat by his side, her face beaming with intelligence, benevolence, and gratified pride, as she gazed first at her dignified and honored husband, and then at the lovely group of children around the table. One was a noble youth, just returned to spend his college vacation at home—another was a tall, graceful girl of sixteen, who had finished a long recitation to her brother, and was preparing to cheer the circle with her

ever welcome music on the piano. A bright boy of twelve was performing a problem in mathematics, and a little cherry cheeked girl was drawing pictures on her slate, and teasing every body to teach her.

Presently the door bell announced a visitor. A person entered and presented a subscription for religious charity. Put me down a hundred dollars, said the good man, and the collector departed blessing the giver. When he was gone, the gentleman inquired, "did you think to send the coal and flour to the poor woman at the corner?" "Yes," said the wife, "and Frederick and Mary have been round to that sick family, and carried the clothes and medicines." "Yes, papa," said little Kate, looking up from the house she was drawing, "they carried away my new stockings." "Shall I send and get them back again," said the father. "O no, indeed," said the child, "I sent them. Poor little Charley's feet were cold and bleeding."

The father now remarked that it was time for family worship. In a moment all was silent. Books, slates, papers, and work were

all laid aside. A neat gilt Bible, bearing the marks of constant usage, was brought. The son read an interesting portion. The whole family joined in a familiar hymn, and the father led in prayer, and worshiped the Father of mercies in spirit and in truth, from the fullness of a grateful heart.

After an interval of silence, the son looked up as if from a reverie and said, "father, I think I have heard you say, that your youth was neglected, that you were once poor, illiterate, almost an infidel, and entirely discouraged. It would be extremely interesting to us, to learn by what means the mayor of this good city, the honored trustee of our college, the superintendent of our sabbath school, and the deacon of our church, has risen from so unpromising a beginning, to his present station.

The eyes of the good man filled with tears, his lip quivered, he covered his face with his handkerchief, and for some time no whisper was heard from the astonished audience around him. He was thinking of the poverty and ignorance of his early days—of the religious

errors which had well-nigh caused his destruction—of the way in which a kind and watchful Providence had led his thoughtless steps, amid all the dangers around him—of the blessing he had received in his lovely, admirable wife, of the days of toil, and nights of hard study, in which she had shared, and cheered him on like an angel of light and love—and lastly of the countless blessings and honors which now surrounded him. At length he uncovered his face, and amid stifled sobs, said to his wife, tell the children, dear, the conversation we had twenty years ago to-night, around our little pine tea table.

He was the Shoemaker of L. M.

Departed Days.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Yes, dear departed, cherished days,
Could Memory's hand restore
Your Morning light, your evening rays,
From Time's gray urn once more, —

Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore
Where life's young fountains gleam; —
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea;
The mist grows dark, — the sun goes down, —
Day breaks, — and where are we!

"Our Anna."

"Sister, whose miniature is that I have seen you wear since my return? Let me see it, will you?"

"Ah! brother, suppose now I should tell you it is my lover's, and to tease you, should say I could not let you see it?"

"Oh! if I had but suspected that, I should have been still more curious, and perhaps

could have caught a sly look at it when you were not mistrusting me. But come, I do not feel in a mood to-night for showing you how good a lawyer I am, so please take it from your belt, and let me gaze upon its beauties. Surely, if I am to have a brother-in-law, it is no more than right that I should know how he is to look."

"Well done, Henry! If every thought of this miniature did not make me so sad, I should be half tempted to carry on the joke, you seem to take it so easily. But I cannot. Here it is. Let your eyes feast upon its charms."

"Ah, Louise! a lady! Now I suppose I must take care of my susceptible heart, lest it lose itself in this long, fixed gaze. What a noble brow! and that eye—'tis matchless!

One to keep embalmed for dreams of fevered sleep.' Whoever painted that, must have more than done justice to the original. Yet it seems to me I have seen a face that resembled this. Who can it be? Tell me, Louise, have I ever seen the original?"

"Oh yes! many, many times. Yet, no!

Henry, you never have seen her as she is represented there. But do you not remember who were our most intimate neighbors when we lived at M——? Have you forgotten Anna Van Alstien, ‘our sweet little Anna,’ as you used to call her?”

“No, Louise! but it is long since I have thought of her. And even if it were not, you cannot wonder that I did not recognize in this polished, intellectual looking lady, the charming little Anna, who, the last time I saw her, affectionately twined her arms around my neck, and imprinted a kiss upon my lips, while with tears she said—‘Henry must not forget Louise and Anna when he is away to college.’ You know you and she were then but twelve years old, and I have not seen her since. But it must have been the remembrance of her, which made me think I might have seen the original of this miniature. Strange things have happened since then. I should like to know her history. But Louise, you are weeping. Come, dry your tears and tell me what became of ‘our Anna.’ Is she not still living?”

"Henry, you too would weep, if you had loved her as I loved her, and could see her now. She is still living, but 'the life of life has fled. She is a poor, suffering maniac."

"A maniac! Alas! how could any thing on earth have so blighted her peace as to destroy reason? When I knew her, it might well be said, she was

'Elate and joyous as the lark, when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path, or cloud upon its sky.'

What dark pall could have been thrown over her light spirit? Sister, tell me all, for I am deeply interested."

"Well, I will try. About the time we removed here, Mr. Van Alstien with his family went to Philadelphia. It was a sad hour that parted us, for young as we were, we felt the loss we should sustain in being separated. We knew not how to live apart, for we had grown up together. You remember we were of the same age—our birthday the very same, and our intimacy was almost that of twin sisters. We vowed, like lovers, to render our separation less desolate by long and frequent letters, and faithfully did we

keep the vow. We were very differently situated. I in this quiet retreat, this happy cottage home, and she amid the fashionable splendors and gayeties of a city life. She had every advantage of public institutions and private instructors, and at seventeen, she was an accomplished and an exceedingly interesting young lady. Besides this, she was beautiful. This miniature does not, as you seem to suppose, flatter her—no, not in the least. When I look at it, and think of her as she was then, I cannot but exclaim—

‘Blest be that art which keeps the absent near,
The beautiful unchanged! From Time’s rude theft
Guards the fresh tint of childhood’s polished brow;
And, when love yields its idol to the tomb,
Doth snatch a copy!’

“This is a true and perfect ‘copy’ of Anna. It was taken just before we were eighteen. At that time she wrote me one of her good, long letters, and toward the close, in a mysterious sort of way, said—‘Louise, I am particularly engaged at present. I cannot tell you *how* until I see you. This is the only secret I could call my own which I ever kept

from you, for you know you are my twin sister, and have had full possession of all my thoughts. But I am schooling myself now to keep this, though it might be said in six words. Have I raised your curiosity? Well, I hope to fulfill my promise and spend our eighteenth birthday with you, in your snug little home.' This, you may imagine, did raise my curiosity in no small degree. I thought of many things, but of course could decide upon none. Mamma supposed she was to be married. But she had not told me of any actual engagement, though she had several times spoken in high terms, of a young lawyer who paid her a good deal of attention. However, I was soon to know, and in my anxiety to see her, to have her with me once more, I tried to dismiss my curiosity, and think only of her.

"The 20th of June was the memorable day. She particularly requested, that I would invite no company—and this was in accordance with my own feelings, for I was too selfish to share my felicity with others at such a time. I wanted her all to myself. On the

19th, I arranged all little matters so as to render our 'snug little home' as pleasant as possible. I adjusted the honeysuckles that covered the windows, so that we might enjoy their richest perfume—renewed the flowers in the vases—and, in short, busied myself all day long in anxiously doing nothing. The sun went down, and Anna had not come. I could content myself nowhere. Was I to be disappointed? I wandered through the yards and garden, and even walked half a mile up the road to see if she might not be coming. At length I clasped her in my arms, and we mingled our tears of joy together. Her father and mother were with her, and there was nothing to check our flow of soul, or cast a shade upon our heartfelt happiness, and I believe our eighteenth birthday was decidedly the happiest day of our lives. It was one I shall remember as long as I may remember any thing. Anna was the same dear, kind, affectionate sister as when we parted more than four years before. Her heart was unaltered, though, of course, her mind was much more highly cultivated,

and her beauty seemed of a different cast.
As Mrs. Hemans so finely expresses it—

‘Lit from within was her noble brow,
As an urn whence rays from a lamp may flow;
Her young, clear cheek had a changeful hue,
As if ye might see how the soul wrought through:
And every flash of her fervent eye
Seemed the bright wakening of Poesy.’

“Her soul was full of music. She was passionately fond of it, and had an exquisite voice. It was actually, as I one day told her—

‘The Spirit of Song in her bosom’s cell
Dwelt as the odors in violets dwell,
Or as the sounds in Æolian strings,
Or in aspen leaves the quiverings:
There, *ever there*, with the life enshrined,
And waiting the call of the faintest wind.’

“The birthday passed delightfully. How could it be otherwise? But I will give you only one incident. We were speaking of a fondness for music, when mamma requested me to play and sing the piece I promised her she should hear when Anna came. It was a birthday ballad I had learned for the occasion, but which I had forgotten until thus reminded. Anna stood beside me while I sang.

When I had finished, tears stood in her eyes, she threw her arms around me, kissed me fondly, and expressed many thanks for the unexpected pleasure. Suddenly recollecting herself, she said—‘sit still Louise, till I return.’ She ran to her room, and in a moment returning, placed this chain upon my neck. ‘Dear sister,’ said she, ‘I have no birthday ballad for you, but accept this as a birthday gift. Wear it, and let it often remind you of the love of your absent Anna.’

“It was this miniature—a precious gift! We were admiring the taste and perfect correctness with which it was executed, when Mrs. Van Alstien remarked—

“‘Anna, I thought you gave me that?’

“‘Ah!’ said Anna, ‘that’s the secret!’

“‘Secret?’ said I, catching at the word, for I had been so elated with her presence that I had not even thought to ask about it before.’

“‘Yes, yes!’ said she, ‘I know what you mean. It is all the same. Pardon me, mamma, that I have kept it from you until now. I only wanted to give you a surprise.

I will explain. When I sat for my miniature for you, I persuaded papa to allow me to have another painted at the same time, and to keep it a secret, that I might to-day present it to Louise. So now, dear sister, please keep it, and wear it for my sake. You will always see me smiling upon you; for when it was taken, I was so excited with the prospect of being with you, that I believe I was actually silly, and did not give the artist one serious look.'

"Thus we passed the day—singing and talking, and enjoying ourselves. In a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Van Alstien left us to spend three months in journeying and other visits, and then to return and take Anna home with them. Oh! how shall I tell you of those three happy months? They were so full of pleasure and of interest, I know not how to tell you. We lived in the light of each other's smile, were mutual confidants, and I trust each was somewhat benefited by the experience of the other. I have told you she wrote something about a young lawyer who was attentive to her. His name was Montone.

“One sultry day we dismissed our needles, and with an amusing book languidly sauntered to the arbor. I commenced reading a story which Anna had wished to hear. But she soon begged me, in justice to the story, not to read any more, for she could not listen. Her mind would wander to other scenes, and she could not control it.

“‘Louise,’ said she, ‘we have an arbor very nearly like this, but differently situated. Once last summer, on such a sultry day as this, I ornamented it with my drawing apparatus; but, being too listless to do any thing, threw myself back in the corner, and was soon lost in a dreamy reverie. How long I indulged thus, I know not, but I was aroused by the entrance of Montone. He seated himself beside me, was very social, and beguiled the hours with innocent gayety. At length the conversation assumed a serious aspect. He became eloquent, and poured into my willing ear passionate words, and earnest entreaties. I could not answer him, but felt that I loved him. I know not why, but tears filled my eyes, and I could not look upon

him. I gave him my hand, and was about to speak, when all our—*romance*, perhaps you will call it—was ended by a summons to tea. I should have told you this in my next letter—but, there had been no promises made on either side; only an expression of feeling on his part, and a silent reception of it on mine, and I did not then exactly feel that we were engaged. We understood each other well, it is true. He has visited me frequently, and waited upon me constantly ever since. I have reason to believe that he considers it an engagement, not only from his conduct, but his conversation. And is it not? Every thing has been done to render it so, except the mere formal promise from the lips. And what is this when hearts are bound, and actions and looks are intelligible without words? The evening before I left home, he spent with me, and our kindred hearts seemed mingling into one. When he arose to depart, taking my hand affectionately he said—‘my dearest Anna! it will be a long three months before we meet again. I shall be lost without you, and long, oh how earnestly, for your return.

May you be happy; but in the midst of your happiness forget not your Montone.' Louise, do you think I have forgotten him! Oh no! I knew not how dearly I loved him until I left him. My heart is unalterably his, and my love as ardent as his own.'

"It was thus, with all the fervor of her soul, she told me her love. Day after day, and week after week while she remained, she would speak of his character, disposition and talents, and wish—so fervently wish, that I could know him. She sung me the songs he loved; and in short, my dear brother,

'Her trust in his love was a *woman's faith*,
Perfect, and fearing no change till death!'

She was a joyous being, full of life and happiness. No shade of care, or disappointment, or sorrow, had ever crossed her path. Her spirit was ever on the wing, and music seemed to float in all her steps. But the three months passed away. Yes, all too soon they passed, and she left us again for her own loved home. We parted with regrets and tears, though with bright hopes of meeting again soon, as I had promised to spend the

latter part of the winter with her. She was to write in two weeks after her return. More than a month passed before the letter came; and then—such a letter! Oh, how it wrung my heart. But I will get it for you, and let you judge for yourself of my feelings and her condition. Here it is—

MY DEAR LOUISE:—I have not forgotten you. Do not think so for a moment. I know it is more than two weeks since you have been expecting my promised letter, but I could not, I could not write. Would that I had remained with you—always—all our lives. Oh! how shall I write? how tell you of the desolation that is laid with wasting hand upon my spirit? Oh, that you were here to comfort me, if comfort could be found for me again. Can you believe it? I returned to find all my fondly cherished hopes blighted, withered, crushed—and him to whom I had given my heart's best affections, my soul's warmest love, changed, cold, *faithless!* Yes, dear sister, in less than one week Montone will be the husband of another. *The husband of another!* And oh!

how tenderly, how dearly, how passionately
have I loved him, and given him all my
heart.

If he were gone
To the grave's bosom, with his radiant brow,
If his deep thrilling voice, with that low tone
Of earnest tenderness, which now, even now,
Seems floating through my soul, were music taken
Forever from this world — oh! thus forsaken,
I could bear on —

But now, my soul is dark —

My heart is dying,
With all its blighted hopes around it lying!

A whole month has passed since I first
learned this strange tale of my own misery.
But I have not wept. No, Louise! my brain
is on fire—I cannot weep. I shall soon be
crazed, I know I shall. Pity me—and oh!
come to me at once, pray do. I fear I shall
never know peace again. I have loved a
mortal as I should have loved God—a
proud, inconstant mortal, who has deceived
and forsaken me. Alas! dear sister,

The hope is crushed
That lit my life; the voice within me hushed
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return

To lay my youth as in a burial urn,
Where sunshine may not find it.

But I cannot write. Louise, will you not leave for a while your happy home, and come at once to your desolate Anna? My heart is breaking—and I sink beneath the stroke. Come and cool my throbbing brow, relieve my burdened heart with your kind sympathy, and bring—oh! bring something that will unseal the fountain of my tears. And then, then,

I will lay down like a tired child,
And weep away this life of woe!

My dear parents send much love to you all, and unite in my earnest entreaty that you will come soon.

Ever yours,

ANNA.

"I can never forget the hour that brought me this letter. I longed to fly to her at once, but could not. I was alone, and was to be so for a week, so that I could neither leave home, nor have any one to accompany me on the journey. As soon as I could control my feelings I sat down and wrote to Anna, assuring her of my sympathy, and that as soon

as possible I should be with her. When our dear parents returned, Oh! how heartily did I welcome them. I gave them Anna's letter, and told them my answer. Papa said he would accompany me, but, judging from Anna's letter, her natural disposition, ardent temperament, and sensitive spirit, he feared we should find her deranged. We hastened to her—but oh! *such a meeting!* She was entirely deranged, a perfect maniac. Her poor mother met us with open arms, pressed me to her bosom, and wept long and bitterly ere she could speak. Then commanding herself, she told us of Anna. When they returned home she was full of life and animation. She had never been happier, and was almost constantly employed in receiving calls from old friends. On the third evening, while several were in the parlor, an intimate friend came to Mrs. Van Alstien's room, and told her of Montone's desertion, his engagement and intended marriage. She said she could not tell Anna, and her friends all thought her mother could do it better than any one else. It was a sudden stroke, but it revealed the

mystery of his absence, for she had continually wondered why he did not call. How could she make it known to the unsuspecting Anna! Yet it might not be delayed. After all had left, she went to the parlor, and found Anna reclining upon the sofa, looking very sad. She asked her if she felt sick.

"“Oh!” said Anna, ‘I hardly know how I feel. I believe I have lost my spirits. I have been wondering why Montone does not call. I thought he must be out of town, but hear he is at home. What do you think can be the reason of his absence at this time?’

“Perhaps he does not choose to call. You know three months is a long time to be gone. Do you not think he may have ceased to feel an interest in you?’

“Anna sprang from the sofa, intensely excited, and wildly exclaimed—‘spare me, mamma, spare me. Do not insult, degrade him by the suspicion. He cannot be false, I will not believe it!’

“Slowly, but surely did the truth steal in upon her heart. She neither spoke nor wept. Her cheek blanched—her lip quivered—and

at length she fainted. It was long ere she returned to consciousness, and a knowledge of what had befallen her. From that time she refused all company, kept her room, or wandered over the house without aim or object—a broken-hearted being.

“Oh there lie such depths of woe
In a young, blighted spirit! Manhood rears
A haughty brow, and age has done with tears:
But youth bows down to misery in amaze
At the dark cloud o’ermantling its fresh days—
And thus it was with her.

“She could not converse, ate little, and slept less, and the letter she wrote me was the only thing she had attempted to do. Yet she retained her reason until the night of Montone’s marriage. Then she raved, and has continued deranged ever since. At times she moans piteously—then suddenly springs to her feet, and walks the room with a rapid pace, singing snatches of songs without the least connection, often making a complete jargon. When I first entered her room, she was walking and singing in this way. She took no notice of me, but I soon went to her,

put my arm through hers, and said persuadingly—'Anna dear, you must be fatigued. Come and sit down, and let us talk awhile. I gently drew her to a seat, and after a few common-place remarks, asked 'if she ever knew a young lady by the name of Louise B——?' This excited her very much.

"'Know her?' said she, 'yes, yes! She was my guardian angel. I loved her too well, and she died. They will not tell me where she is buried, lest I should go and live upon her grave. And I would—I would—

'I'd shoot the gulf of death!

'Track the pure spirit where no chain can bind—

Where the heart's boundless love its rest may find—

Where the storm sends no breath.'

"She raised her voice higher and higher, till it ended in a loud and piercing shriek. I had nerved my heart with unwonted strength, that I might meet her calmly; but it overpowered me, and I wept. She looked up pitifully and said—

"'Do you weep? Do you weep? Oh! tears have been my ruin. I never weep now.'

"She pressed her hands upon her throbbing brow, went to her bed and laid down quietly. I remained three weeks, and scenes like this were of daily recurrence. No one could make her know me. She called me Mary. I sometimes spoke of Montone. But whenever I mentioned his name she would make me whisper, and then tell me how he died in her arms, and she hid him, and no one else knew where he was. Once when I spoke of him, she whispered —

"Hush! hush! I will tell you how he calls me. I heard him sing it'—and in a low, plaintive voice she sang —

'Come, come, come!

Long thy fainting soul hath yearned
For the step that ne'er returned;
Long thine anxious ear hath listened,
And thy watchful eye hath glistened
With the hope, whose parting strife
Shook the flower leaves from thy life;
Now the heavy day is done,
Home awaits thee wearied one!

Come, come, come!'

"After my return home, I heard from her frequently, and she still remained perfectly

deranged, though she became more quiet. She wasted away to a mere shadow, and her large, lustrous eyes were filled with an unnatural fire. It was thought she could not live long unless restored to reason; and of this I fear there is but little hope. It is four months since I have heard from her, and I am utterly at a loss what to think. She was indeed a bright flower, blooming in loveliness, cherished with care, watered with the dews of affection and fanned by the breath of love. But a chill wind swept suddenly over, blasted her beauty, embittered her sweets, and crushed her to the earth. Ah! my brother, think how she suffers, without prospect of relief, and do not chide me for my tears. I cannot restrain them.”

“You may weep, dear sister, but it can do no good. How expressive are the poet’s words—

“Alas! alas! that hopes like hers, so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour
should blight;

Bow down her fair, but fragile form — her brilliant brow
o’ercast,

And make her beauty like her bliss, a shadow of the
past!

Thus, too oft the traitor, man, repays fond woman's truth,
Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her
youth;

And sad it is, in griefs like those, o'er visions loved and
lost,

That the truest, and the tenderest heart must always suffer most."

PART SECOND.

Harry B—— was a young man of fine talents, who had just concluded his course of studies with an eminent lawyer in a distant city, and was ready to enter upon the practice of his profession. His mind was superior, his address good, and his countenance full of intellect. His dark, kindling eye, and the soul-like melody of his voice, told eloquently that the flowers of poetry were in his imagination a perpetual blossoming. He seemed formed to be a great man in the world's estimation, yet knelt not to fame, and cared little for the world's applause. The holy light of pure religion had found its way into the silence of his heart, and dwelt there, a safeguard, filling it with a music that can never die. He had now been leisurely spending a short time at

home. Though pleasantly situated, delightfully surrounded by all that was engaging, by friends who loved him fondly, yet he felt that he was now called upon to begin the world upon his own responsibility, and idleness must have no place in his creed or his practice. He had resolved to travel some, and seek a home for himself, where he might honor his profession both as a lawyer and a christian. With a calm reliance upon a higher power, and a bright hope for the future, he bade adieu to his childhood's home, his dearest friends, and promised to be a faithful correspondent wherever his lot might be cast. He went from place to place, influenced by one thing and another, until at length Philadelphia was decided upon as his future home. The sad story of Anna Van Alstien, the friend of his youth, the companion of his early days, the best and dearest friend of his beloved sister, came to remembrance, and determined him to visit the family and learn her fate. He sought their place of residence, called, and was immediately recognized by Mr. and Mrs. Van Alstien, though several

years had passed since he had seen them. He could not but perceive how grief for the situation of their only child had bowed their hearts, and prematurely brought upon them the frosts of age. He dared not inquire after Anna, for he knew not whether she still raved, a miserable maniac, or had already entered the spirit-land. While hesitating, his eyes unconsciously fixed upon her piano, which stood as though unused. Mr. Van Alstien observing it, remarked in a subdued voice—

“You are thinking of Anna. Poor child! I wonder what effect your presence will have upon her. I suppose you know of her derangement?”

Henry assented, but told him they had heard nothing from her in a long while, and inquired her present situation.

“She is still deprived of reason,” said her father, “but has partially regained health. When undisturbed by company or other outward circumstances, she is perfectly quiet and child-like; but seldom attempts to converse at all. She will sit for hours with such

a deep sadness upon her speaking countenance that you may almost read there the anguish of her heart. Occasionally she is somewhat cheerful; and then, slight as the grounds may be for such a hope, we look forward to the time when her fettered spirit shall break its bonds, and once more be free. Oh! it is a sad thing for one so full of life, and joy, and hope, so affectionate and beloved, to be crushed to the earth and overcome with the heart's agony. Oh! I could weep tears of blood if they might count any thing toward her restoration. But, Henry, only an almighty power can give back reason, and make her what she was."

While they were conversing in this way, Henry eager to know her melancholy history and her mourning parents as willing to tell it, they perceived the object of their solicitude slowly coming in from the garden. She had flowers in each hand which seemed momentarily to please her fancy, for as she gazed upon them, a smile passed over her wan face. Mrs. Van Alstien in much agitation remarked to Henry—

"A strange fear almost overpowers me. Your countenance and tone of voice remind me continually of Montone. Anna will probably come immediately to this room. If the resemblance should strike her as it does me, what must be the effect?"

As she ceased speaking, Anna entered the door. Henry was bewildered. He knew not what to do. Should he sit still and await the result? Or should he rise and greet her as an old friend? This he should certainly do, if she possessed her reason. He half arose, and sank back irresolutely into his seat—then, with decision, rose up and approached her with the extended hand of a warm welcome. A deep flush passed over her marble cheek; the flowers fell from her hands—she leaned against the door, and gazed upon him with a look so wild and sad that his manly spirit shook within him. Still he extended his hand, and in a cheerful voice said—"will not Miss Anna speak to Henry B——, the friend and companion of her childhood?" But she shrank from him, still gazing fixedly into his face. At length, subdued by strong

passion, she threw herself at his feet, and shed 'such tears as rain the hoarded agonies of years from the heart's urn.' Alarmed for her safety, they raised her from the floor; but she was weak and powerless — and they laid her upon a couch insensible as one dead. Physicians were summoned, and perseveringly was every restorative used which skill and ingenuity could suggest; but long and anxious was their suspense ere a motion, or a breath, or a sign of life appeared. At length, with a convulsive sigh and heaving chest, the shadow of death passed off as a voiceless dream. She glanced from one to another with a look of serious inquiry; but Henry avoided the gaze, fearing the effect upon her bewildered mind. No one explained to her the mystery, and then low tones of woe and fear broke from her full bosom. Oh! it was a mournful thing to hear that voice, so soft and musical, come forth in strange, dull, hollow tones burdened with agony. Again there came a mist over her eye's wild fire, and the beating heart was stilled, as the breath fled from those parted lips. A sad and solemn

beauty settled down upon her pallid face, contrasting strongly with the dark, rich tresses which lay in confusion around it. But she was not thus to pass away. Again did hope spring up in those loving, anxious hearts, to be quickly succeeded by trembling and fear. Thus passed the remainder of the day, and the whole of the night. As the morning dawned, she slept; restlessly at first, as though troubled by unpleasant dreams. But gradually her slumbers became gentle and peaceful; the appalling hue of death wore away, and those marble lips were touched with the rose-tints of life. She seemed to gather strength by her tranquil sleep, and hour after hour they let her lie undisturbed. How many were the hopes and fears which agitated the hearts of those who lingered so fondly around the unconscious sleeper, and watched so intently for the slightest change! Would not her spirit, when that long, deep sleep passed off, wake up from its dim lethargy, break its fetters, and with reason firmly enthroned, once more rejoice in its freedom? Or would she wake

but to sink into her last dreamless sleep, and leave them "without a hope to hang a hope upon?" What should they do to win her back to glowing life? to waken and not break the spirit from its mysterious thrall? What could they do? This question, of such deep, such intense interest to them all, was repeated again and again—but with no answer, for all were in the same dilemma. Henry feared to remain, yet dared not leave, for all seemed to think her restoration depended upon his presence. So there he watched with throbbing brow, and hands clasped firm, and dark eyes raised in prayer, the fervent prayer of a tried yet hoping heart. But as hour after hour passed away, leaving the sweet sleeper still wrapt in her dreams, a painful dread came over him, and he exclaimed—

"Why came I here to bring to her bewildered mind the troubled image of that detested man? Why did I come? Oh! the heart's deep mystery."

In the intensity of his feelings, he had failed to remember the hushed whisper

imposed upon all in the room. His voice awoke the slumberer. She glanced wildly and fearfully around, and met the gaze of those who were intensely watching.

"The hour, the scene, th' intensely present, rushed
Back on her spirit, and her large tears gushed
As if her life would melt into the o'erswelling stream."

And with this burst of passionate tears there came relief. She gazed upon one and another of those dear ones around her, until their very image seemed graven on her soul. Her large dark eye lost all its wildness, and as "faint gleams of memory dawned upon the cloud of dreams," she murmured—"why is it thus! What brought me here? And why do you all look so sorrowful and so anxious? Oh! I have had such a long, horrible dream that I am sick. Mother, dear mother, come and bathe my burning brow, and fan me; I am weary and faint. And do not let these friends go away till I may arouse and see them awhile. I shall be better soon."

Who shall describe the feelings that almost overmastered those anxious friends at this moment of intense interest? She was left

for them to love. She was restored to life, to reason! Might they not now enjoy their full cup of bliss? Might she not again be permitted to mingle with them as their own dear Anna? Oh! fervent, importunate were the prayers which ascended from those trembling, yet hoping hearts. Deeply interested in her welfare, several friends had lingered near, and joined in the silent watch. Now, noiselessly, one after another left, until none remained but the devoted parents—those watchful physicians—and the prayerful, hoping Henry. For awhile the stricken one calmed her spirit to a sweet repose, that she might gather strength for the coming hour—the hour when memory should recall the fearful past, and "life's realities press on the soul from its unfathomed depths."

"There are swift hours in life — strong, rushing hours,
That do the work of tempests in their might!
They shake down things which stood as rocks and towers
Unto th' undoubting mind; they pour in light
Where it but startles — like a burst of day;
They sweep the coloring mists from off our sight —
And this was of such hours: the sudden flow
Of the soul's tide seemed whelming her,

And her sick soul was darkened unto death,
With shadows from the suffering it had seen."

But of this I may not speak. Suspended as it were between life and death, she questioned closely and earnestly of the realities of the past, and without reserve exposed the inmost sanctuary of the soul. From that hour, although the "garland of her life was blighted, and the springs of hope were dried," she calmly submitted, acknowledging the overruling hand of Providence, and continually looking upward for sustaining strength. She laid aside the vanities of the world, and more and more felt within her stricken bosom, "the peace of God which passeth knowledge."

Years have passed, and where are those, in whose fate we have become interested? What became of the unprincipled Montone? He had married what the world terms "a splendid woman;" that is, wealthy, fashionable and accomplished. But she was, withal, a heartless coquette. For a few months all was smiles and gayety; till remorse for the anguish he had caused, and the ruin he had brought upon one of the brightest of earth's

beings, united with the scorn and contempt in which he was held by those whose friendship he had once prized, wore upon his darkening spirit, and he endeavored to drown reflection in the wine-cup's deepest revels. No friendly hand was extended for his rescue. He was reproached by the heartless being whose fate was united to his; spurned by those who had once eagerly sought his fascinating society; and so drank deeper and deeper still of the intoxicating bowl, that he might bribe his thoughts to silence, and his heart to peace. But—

"The creeping poison, meant
To dull his senses, through each burning vein
Poured fever, lending a delirious strength
To burst its fetters."

Tormented beyond endurance by the evil spirits his imagination created, he sank, a detested victim to that most dreadful disease, *delirium tremens*.

But where is the restored, the lovely Anna? What has become of the sympathizing Louise? And what cheers the pious heart of the interesting Henry? The perusal

of a letter written by him to his sister will tell the whole story.

"MY DEAR SISTER LOUISE:—Your letter reached me yesterday, and I hasten to answer, lest I be too late to break in upon your delightful plans, and add some new ones to their number. I do not doubt but that you will consent to let me interfere a little in this matter. I am happy to hear your looked-for marriage takes place so soon. Be assured, your choice meets my warmest approbation; and you will never find me wanting in the affection I shall love to bestow upon a brother-in-law, the husband of my dear and only sister. It would gratify me much to comply with your urgent invitation, and be near you on that memorable evening to share in your happiness, to imprint a brother's warm kiss upon your bridal cheek, and wish you the best of wishes. But, sister, though you may at first feel sadly disappointed, I think you will be reconciled and join heartily in my plan. Let me enlist your feelings in my cause, by telling you of that which deeply interests me. It is of "our Anna" I would

speak. You know she is restored, and is even as she was in days gone by. Yet not 'as she was,' for now—

'by many a word

Linked unto moments when the heart was stirred;

By the persuasion of her fervent eye,

All eloquent with child-like piety;

By the still, calm beauty of her life'—

we cannot but feel that she has drawn from heaven, and heaven-born truth, an unfaltering faith, and an undying hope, of which, in her earlier years, she knew nothing. Louise, she is all your fancy pictures her, all your heart desires. Well do I know her—for I have been much with her; and dearly, tenderly, ardently do I love her. Into her half-listening ear I have whispered the tale. I know her heart was once another's, even with an idolatrous love; but her deep affections were *unworthily* placed, and when she knew it, and recovered from the shock so as to act, she gathered them back into her own bosom—and now, with a chastened fervor they are all mine and heaven's. Long and perseveringly have I sought to win them, and not in vain.

"Since I received your last letter, I have urged her to a speedy union. And now, dear Louise, our plan is this—do you and Charles dispense with our company, and stand alone at the altar on the evening appointed. I doubt not the hours so full of import will glide smoothly and swiftly on. The next day, start for Philadelphia, where, with as much speed as possible, I trust you will safely arrive, and we shall be ready to give you a hearty welcome. Then, as soon as practicable, dear Anna and I, attended by yourself and husband as bride's-maid and groom's-man, will 'speak the fitting vows.' After the marriage festivities here, we will accompany you home, to gladden the hearts of our beloved parents. Write immediately if you please, to tell us that you accede to our proposal, and to satisfy the heart of

Your affectionate brother, HENRY."

All was arranged as Henry had desired; and ere another month had passed, the happy bridal parties returned to the country, to enjoy themselves in the vine-covered cottage, and beneath the open sky.

"The very whispers of the wind had there
A flute-like harmony, that seemed to bear
Greeting from some bright shore:
And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly did arise;
Lifting the eternal hope, th' adoring breath
Of spirits not to be disjoined by death,
Up to the starry skies."

Forgive And Forget.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

When streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of ingratitude wrung —
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel of God can declare
"I now can forgive and forget."

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steeped,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped:

For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget! It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
And but for the future to live;
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art;
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and thy — crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget.

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too —
Count not the sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue;
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met:
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of Heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget?

Yes, yes, let a man when his enemy weeps,
 Be quick to receive him a friend;
 For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
 Hot coals — to refine and amend;
 And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
 As a nurse on her innocent pet,
 Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
 And whisper forgive and forget.

Influence of Character.

BY REV. W. H. KNAPP.

The influence of individual character, either for good or for evil, is not, in this age of mechanism and combination, justly estimated. Few, yea, none are conscious of all the influences which they exert upon others, or which others exert on them. Human character grows up as silently and imperceptibly as the productions of the field or forest. It is formed of trifles to which we attach little or no consequence, just as all vegetable nature is composed of infinitesimal contributions from the air, the ocean and the earth. We are far

more sensitive to the influences of each other, than the most delicate plants and flowers are to the influences of soil or climate. The very presence of an evil spirit among us deeply affects us. Such a person may neither say or do any thing evil, and he will insensibly lower the tone of our spirits, just as a snow-bank or iceberg affects all the atmosphere about it. We are sometimes introduced to persons, perfect strangers, who immediately make us feel that good passing out of us restores a kind of equilibrium which their presence had disturbed. We cannot account for it, but we know it to be so. It is a fact of our consciousness.

On the other hand, there are persons who always seem to create or carry about with them, a heavenly or spiritual atmosphere. As soon as we come in the circle of their influence, though they say not a word to us, and we know nothing of their history, we feel stronger and better ; we feel a self-devotion, a spiritual aspiration, that is not familiar to us. Their very presence is benediction. I know a person that thus affected me the first

time I ever saw him, and I have been in his society. Yet it is not an intellectual influence. He is not distinguished for learning, nor for any brilliancy or originality of thought. It is simply the influence of character. It is a latent, inheritant, spiritual influence which is felt by all around him, though many may not be conscious of it. It commands the respect and love of those who differ most from him in opinion. It prevents men from expressing any impure or vicious feelings in his presence, from saying in his company what they would not hesitate to say in the company of others. It represses the angry passions of the crowd whenever he appears, and inspires confidence and every good emotion. Inestimable are even the unconscious blessings which such a man diffuses through the community in which he lives; he blesses those around him more by what he is, than by what he does.

Coming-on of Spring.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"COLD winter-ice is fled and gone,
And Summer brags on every tree:
The red breast peeps among the throng
Of wood-brown birds that wanton be."

Yes: and now how pleasant to the husbandman is "all the land about, and all the flowers that blow:" the springing grass, the budding-trees, the smell of the fresh-ploughed earth, the transparent briskness of the spring-tide air! Season of hope and promise to the independent, happy cultivator of the soil! As a quaint old English poet says:

"The earthe to entertaine him
Puts on its best arraye;
The loftie trees and lowly shrubbes
Likewise are fresh and gaye:

The birds to bid him welcome
Doe warble pleasant notes:
The beaste, the fiele, the forest
Cast off their winter coates."

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"Aunt Carry said—by way of introduction—'A little visitor I've brought you.' "

The Old Man's Death.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Change is the order of nature; the old make way for the new; over the perished growth of last year brighten the blossoms of this. What changes are to be counted, even in a little, noiseless life like mine! How many graves have grown green; how many locks have grown gray; how many, lately young, and strong in hope and courage, are faltering and fainting; how many hands that reached eagerly for the roses, are drawn back bleeding and full of thorns; and saddest of all, how many hearts are broken! I remember when I had no sad memory, when I first made room in my bosom for the consciousness of death.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,

We have learned to pause and fear;

But where are the living founts whose flow,

Was a joy of heart to hear!

I remember the twilight as though it were yesterday—gray, and dim and cold, for it

was late in October, when the shadow first came over my heart, that no subsequent sunshine has ever swept entirely away. From the window of our cottage home streamed a light in which I sat, stringing the red berries of the brier rose.

I had heard of death, but regarded it only with that vague apprehension which I felt for the demons and witches, that gather poison herbs under the new moon in fairy forests, or strangle harmless travelers with wands of willow, or with vines of the wild grape or ivy. I did not much like to think about them, and yet I felt safe from their influence.

There might be people somewhere that would die some time; I did n't know, but it would not be myself, or any one I knew. They were so well and so strong, so full of joyous hopes, how could their feet falter, and their smiles grow dim, and their fainting hands lay away their work, and fold themselves together! No, no — it was not a thing to be believed.

Drifts of sunshine from that season of blissful ignorance often come back as lightly

As the winds of the May-time flow,
And lift up the shadows brightly,
As the daffodil lifts the snow —

the shadows they have gathered with the years! It is pleasant to have them thus swept off—to find myself a child again—the crown of pale pain and sorrow, that presses heavily now, unfelt, and the graves that lie lonesomely along my way, covered up with flowers—to feel my mother's dark locks fall upon my cheek, as she teaches me the lesson of prayer—to see my father, now a sorrowful old man, whose hair has thinned and whitened almost to the limit of three score years and ten, fresh and vigorous, strong for the race—and to see myself a little child, happy with a new hat and a pink ribbon, or even with the string of brier buds that I called coral. Now I tie it about my neck and now around my forehead, and now twist it among my hair, as I have somewhere read great ladies do their pearls. The winds are blowing the last yellow leaves from the cherry tree—I know not why, but it makes me sad. I draw closer to the light of the

window, and slyly peep within—all is quiet and cheerful; the logs on the hearth are all ablaze; my father is mending a bridle-rein, which "Traveler," the favorite riding-horse, snapped in two yesterday, when frightened at the elephant that, (covered with a great white cloth,) went by to be exhibited at the coming show—my mother is hemming a ruffle, perhaps for me to wear to school the coming quarter; my brother is reading a newspaper, I know not what, but I see on one side the picture of a bear. Let me listen—and, flattening my cheek against the pane, I catch his words distinctly, for he reads loud and very clearly—it is an improbable story of a wild man who has recently been discovered in the woods of some far away island; he seems to have been there a long time, for his nails have grown like claws, and his hair, in rough and matted strings, hangs to his knees; he makes a noise like something between the howl of a beast and a human cry, and, when pursued, runs with a nimbleness and swiftness that baffle the pursuers, though mounted on the fleetest of steeds,

urged through brake and bush to their utmost speed.

When first seen, he was sitting on the ground and cracking nuts with his teeth; his arms are corded with sinews that make it probable his strength is sufficient to strangle a dozen men; and yet, on seeing human beings, he runs into the thick woods, lifting such a hideous scream, the while, as makes his discoverers clasp their hands to their ears. It is suggested that this is not a solitary individual, become wild by isolation, but that a race exists, many of which are perhaps larger and of more terrible aspect; but whether they have any intelligible language, and whether they live in caverns or rocks or in trunks of hollow trees, remains for discovery by some future and more daring explorers.

My brother puts down the paper and looks at the picture of the bear. "I would not read such foolish stories," said my father, as he holds the bridle up to the light to see that it is neatly mended; my mother breaks the thread which gathers the ruffle: she is gentle and loving, and does not like to hear even

implied reproof, but she says nothing; little Harry, who is playing on the floor, upsets his block-house, and my father, clapping his hands together exclaims—

“This is the house that Jack built!” and adds, patting Harry on the head, “where is my little boy? this is not he, this is a little carpenter; you must make your houses stronger, little carpenter!” But Harry insists that he is the veritable little Harry, and hides his tearful eyes in the lap of my mother, who assures him that he is her own little boy, and soothes his childish grief, by buttoning on his neck the ruffle she had just completed; and off he scampers again, building a new house, the roof of which he makes very steep, and calls it grandfather’s house, at which all laugh heartily.

While listening to the story of the wild man I am half afraid, but now, as the joyous laughter rings out, I am ashamed of my fears, and skipping forth, I sit down on a green ridge which cuts the door-yard diagonally, and where, I am told, there was once a fence. Did the rose bushes, and lilacs and flags that

are in the garden, ever grow here? I think — no, it must have been a long while ago, if indeed the fence was ever here, for I can't conceive the possibility of such a change, and then I fall to arranging my string of briar-buds into letters that will spell some name, now my own, and now that of some one I love. A dull strip of cloud, from which the hues of pink, and red and gold have but lately faded out, hangs low in the west; below is a long reach of withering woods—the gray sprays of the beech, clinging thickly still, and the gorgeous maples shooting up here and there like sparks of fire among the darkly magnificent oaks and silvery columned sycamores—the gray and murmurous twilight gives way to darker shadows and a deeper hush.

I hear, far away, the beating of quick hoof-strokes on the pavement; the horseman, I think to myself, is just coming down the hill through the thick woods beyond the bridge. I listen close, and presently a hollow, rumbling sound indicates that I was right; and now I hear the strokes more faintly—he is

climbing the hill that slopes directly away from me; but now again I hear distinctly—he has almost reached the hollow below me—the hollow that in summer is starry with dandelions, and now is full of brown nettles and withered weeds—he will presently have passed—where can he be going, and what is his errand? I will rise up and watch. The cloud passes from the face of the moon, and the light streams full and broad on the horseman—he tightens his rein, and looks eagerly toward the house—surely I know him, the long red curls streaming down his neck, and the straw hat, are not to be mistaken; it is Oliver Hillhouse, the miller, whom my grandfather, who lives in the steep-roofed house, has employed three years—longer than I can remember! He calls to me, and I laughingly bound forward, with an exclamation of delight, and put my arms about the slender neck of his horse, that is champing the bit and pawing the pavement, and I say—

“Why do you not come in?”

He smiles, but there is something ominous

in his smile, as he hands me a folded paper, saying—

“Give this to your mother;” and gathering up his reins, he rides hurriedly forward. In a moment I am in the house for my errand—

“Here, mother, is a paper which Oliver Hillhouse gave me for you.”

Her hand trembles as she receives it, and waiting timidly near, I watch her as she reads; the tears come, and without speaking a word she hands it to my father.

That night there came upon my soul the shadow of an awful fear; sorrowful moans and plaints disturbed my dreams that have never since been wholly forgot. How cold, spectral-like the moonlight streamed across my pillow; how dismal the chirping of the cricket in the hearth; and how more than dismal the winds among the naked boughs that creaked against my window. For the first time in my life I could not sleep, and I longed for the light of the morning. At last it came, whitening up the east, and the stars faded away, and there came a flush of crimson and purple fire, which was presently

pushed aside by the golden disk of the sun. Daylight without, but within there was thick darkness still.

I kept close about my mother, for in her presence I felt a shelter and protection that I found nowhere else.

"Be a good girl till I come back," she said, stooping and kissing my forehead; "mother is going away to-day, your poor grandfather is very sick."

"Let me go too," I said, clinging close to her hand. We were soon ready; little Harry pouted his lips and reached out his hands, and my father gave him his pocket-knife to play with; and the wind blowing the yellow curls over his eyes and forehead, he stood on the porch looking eagerly while my mother turned to see him again and again. We had before us a walk of perhaps two miles, northwardly along the turnpike nearly a mile, next, striking into a grass-grown road that crossed it, in an easterly direction nearly another mile, and then turning northwardly again, a narrow lane, bordered on each side by old and decaying cherry trees, led us to

the house, ancient fashioned, with high, steep gables, narrow windows, and low, heavy chimneys of stone. In the rear was an old mill, with a plank sloping from the door-sill to the ground, by way of step, and a square, open window in the gable, through which, with ropes and pulleys, the grain was drawn up.

This mill was an especial object of terror to me, and it was only when my aunt Carry led me by the hand, and the cheerful smile of Oliver Hillhouse lighted up the dusky interior, that I could be persuaded to enter it. In truth it was a lonesome sort of place, with dark lofts and curious bins, and ladders leading from place to place; and there were cats creeping stealthily along the beams to wait for mice or swallows, if, as sometimes happened, the clay nest should be loosened from the rafter, and the whole tumble ruinously down. I used to wonder that aunt Carry was not afraid in the old place, with its eternal rumble, and its great, dusty wheel moving slowly round and round, beneath the steady tread of the two sober horses, that never gained a hair's breadth for their pains;

but on the contrary, she seemed to like the mill, and never failed to show me through all its intricacies on my visit. I have unraveled the mystery now, or rather from the recollections I still retain, have apprehended what must have been clear to older eyes at the time.

A forest of oak and walnut stretched along this extremity of the farm, and on either side of the improvements, as the house and barn and mill were called, shot out two dark forks, completely cutting off the view, save toward the unfrequented road to the south, which was traversed mostly by persons coming to the mill, for my grandfather made the flour for all the neighborhood round about, besides making corn-meal for Johnny-cakes, and "chops" for the cows.

He was an old man now, with a tall, athletic frame, slightly bent, thin locks white as the snow, and deep blue eyes full of fire and intelligence, and after long years of uninterrupted health and useful labor, he was suddenly stricken down, with no prospect of recovery.

"I hope he is better," said my mother,

hearing the rumbling of the mill-wheel. She might have known my grandfather would permit no interruption of the usual business on account of his illness—the neighbors, he said, could not do without bread because he was sick, nor need they all be idle, waiting for him to die.

When the time drew near, he would call them to take his farewell and his blessing, but till then let them sew and spin, and prepare dinner just as usual, so they would please him best. He was a stern man—even his kindness was uncompromising and unbending, and I remember of his making toward me no manifestation of fondness, such as grandchildren usually receive, save once, when he gave me a bright red apple, without speaking a word till my timid thanks brought out his “Save your thanks for something better.” The apple gave me no pleasure, and I even slipped into the mill to escape from his cold, forbidding presence.

Nevertheless, he was a good man, strictly honest, and upright in all his dealings, and respected, almost revered, by everybody

I remember once, when young Winters, the tenant of Deacon Granger's farm, who paid a great deal too much for his ground, as I have heard my father say, came to mill with some withered wheat, my grandfather filled up the sacks out of his own flour, while Tommy was in the house at dinner. That was a good deed, but Tommy Winters never suspected how his wheat happened to turn out so well.

As we drew near the house, it seemed to me more lonesome and desolate than it ever looked before. I wished I had staid at home with little Harry. So eagerly I noted every thing, that I remember to this day, that near a trough of water, in the land, stood a little surly looking cow, of a red color, and a white line running along her back. I had gone with aunt Carry often when she went to milk her, but to-day she seemed not to have been milked. Near her was a black and white heifer, with sharp short horns, and a square board tied over her eyes ; two horses, one of them gray, and the other sorrel, with a short tail, were reaching their long necks into the garden, and browsing from the currant bushes. As

we approached, they trotted forward a little, and one of them, half playfully half angrily, bit the other on the shoulder, after which they returned quietly to their cropping of the bushes, heedless of the voice that, from across the field, was calling to them.

A flock of turkeys were sunning themselves about the door, for no one came to scare them away; some were black, some were speckled; some with heads erect and tails spread, and some nibbling the grass; and with a gabbling noise, and a staid and dignified march, they made way for us. The smoke arose from the chimney in blue, graceful curls, and drifted away to the woods; the dead morning-glory vines had partly fallen from the windows, but the hands that tended them were grown careless, and they were suffered to remain blackened and void of beauty, as they were. Under these, the white curtain was partly put aside, and my grandmother, with the speckled handkerchief pinned across her bosom, and her pale face, a shade paler than usual, was looking out, and seeing us, she came forth, and in answer to my mother's

look of inquiry, shook her head, and silently led the way in. The room we entered had some home-made carpet, about the size of a large table-cloth, spread in the middle of the floor, the remainder of which was scoured very white; the ceiling was of walnut wood, and the side walls were whitewashed—a table, an old-fashioned desk, and some wooden chairs, comprised the furniture. On one of the chairs was a leather cushion; this was set to one side, my grandmother neither offering it to my mother, nor sitting in it herself, while, by way of composing herself, I suppose, she took off the black ribbon with which her cap was trimmed. This was a more simple process than the reader may fancy, the trimming consisting merely of a ribbon, always black, which she tied around her head after the cap was on, forming a bow and two ends just above the forehead.

Aunt Carry, who was of what is termed an even disposition, received us with her usual cheerful demeanor, and then, reseating herself comfortably near the fire, resumed her work, the netting of some white fringes.

I liked aunt Carry, for she always took especial pains to entertain me, showing me her patch-work, taking me with her to the cow-yard and dairy, as also to the mill, though in this last I fear she was a little selfish ; however, that made no difference with me at that time, and I have always been sincerely grateful to her—children know more, and want more, and feel more, than people are apt to imagine.

On this occasion she called me to her, and tried to teach me the mysteries of her netting, telling me I must get my father to buy me a little bureau, and then I could net fringe, and make a little cover for it. For a little time I thought I could, and arranged in my mind where it should be placed, and what should be put into it, and even went so far as to inquire how much fringe she thought would be necessary. I never attained to much proficiency in the netting of fringe, nor did I ever get the little bureau, and now it is quite reasonable to suppose I never shall.

Presently my father and mother were

shown into an adjoining room, the interior of which I felt an irrepressible desire to see, and by stealth I obtained a glimpse of it before the door closed behind them. There was a dull brown and yellow carpet on the floor, and near the bed, on which was a blue and white coverlet, stood a high backed wooden chair, over which hung a towel, and on the bottom of which stood a pitcher of an unique pattern. I know not how I saw this, but I did, and perfectly remember it, notwithstanding my attention was in a moment completely absorbed by the sick man's face, which was turned toward the opening door, pale, livid and ghastly. I trembled, and was transfixed; the rings beneath the eyes, which had always been deeply marked, were now almost black, and the blue eyes within looked glassy, and cold, and terrible. The expression of agony on the lips (for his disease was one of a most painful nature,) gave place to a sort of smile, and the hand, twisted among the gray locks, was withdrawn and extended to welcome my parents, as the door closed. That was a fearful moment; I was near the

dark, steep edges of the grave; I felt for the first time, that I was a mortal too, and was afraid.

Aunt Carry put away her work, and taking from a nail in the window-frame a brown muslin sun-bonnet, which seemed to me of half a yard in depth, she tied it on my head, and then clapped her hands, as she looked into my face, saying, "bo peep!" at which I half laughed and half cried, and making provision for herself in grandmother's bonnet, which hung on the opposite side of the window, and was similar to mine, except that it was perhaps a little larger, she took my hand and we proceeded to the mill. Oliver, who was very busy on our entrance, came forward, as aunt Carry said, by way of introduction, "A little visitor I've brought you," and arranged a seat on a bag of meal for us, and taking off his straw hat, pushed the red curls from his low, white forehead, and looked bewildered and anxious.

"It's quite warm for the season," said aunt Carry, by way of breaking silence, I suppose.

The young man said "yes," abstractedly, and then asked if the rumble of the mill were not a disturbance to the sick room; to which aunt Carry answered—

"No; my father says it is his music."

"A good old man," said Oliver, "he will not hear it much longer," and then, even more sadly, "every thing will be changed."

Aunt Carry was silent, and he added,

"I have been here a long time, and it will make me very sorry to go away, especially when such trouble is about you."

"Oh, Oliver," said aunt Carry, "you don't mean to go away?"

"I see no other alternative," he replied; "I shall have nothing to do; if I had gone a year ago it would have been better."

"Why?" asked aunt Carry; but I think she understood why, and Oliver did not answer directly, but said—

"Almost the last thing your father said to me was, that you should never marry a man who had not a house and twenty acres of land; if he has not he will exact that promise of you, and I cannot ask you not to make it,

nor would you refuse him if I did ; I might have owned that long ago, but for my sister, (she had lost her reason,) and my lame brother, whom I must educate to be a school-master, because he never can work, and my blind mother ;—but God forgive me ! I must not and do not complain ; you will forget me before long, Carry, and somebody who is richer and better, will be to you all I once hoped to be ; perhaps more.”

I did not understand the meaning of the conversation at the time, but I felt out of place some way, and so, going to another part of the mill, I watched the sifting of the flour through the snowy bolter, listening to the rumbling of the wheel. When I looked around, I perceived that Oliver had taken my place on the meal-bag, and that he had put his arm around the waist of aunt Carry, in a way that I did not much like.

Great sorrow, like a storm, sweeps us aside from ordinary feelings, and we give our hearts into kindly hands—so cold and meaningless seem the formulæ of the world. They had probably never spoken of love

before, and now talked of it as calmly as they would have talked of any thing else ; but they felt that hope was hopeless ; at best any union was deferred, perhaps for long years ; the future was full of uncertainties. At last, their tones became very low, so low I could not hear what they said ; but I saw they looked very sorrowful, and that aunt Carry's hand lay in that of Oliver as though he were her brother.

"Why don't the flour come through?" I asked, for the sifting had become thinner and lighter, and at length quite ceased. Oliver smiled faintly, as he arose, and saying,

"This will never buy the child a frock," poured a sack of wheat into the hopper, so that it nearly run over. Seeing no child but myself, I supposed he meant to buy me a new frock, and at once resolved to put it into my little bureau, if he did.

"We have bothered Mr. Hillhouse long enough," said aunt Carry, taking my hand, "and will go to the house, shall we not?"

I wondered why she said "Mr. Hillhouse," for I had never heard her say so before ; and

Oliver seemed to wonder, too, for he said reproachfully, laying particular stress on his own name:

"You don't bother Mr. Hillhouse, I am sure, but I must not insist on your remaining if you wish to go."

"I don't want you to insist on my staying," said aunt Carry, "if you don't want to, and I see you don't;" and lifting me out to the sloping plank that bent beneath us, we descended.

"Carry," said a voice behind us; but she neither answered nor looked back, but seemed to feel a sudden and expressive fondness for me, took me up in her arms, though I was almost too heavy for her to lift, and kissing me over and over, said I was as light as a feather, at which she laughed as though neither sorrowful nor lacking for employment.

This little passage I could never precisely explain, aside from the ground that "the course of true love never did run smooth." Half an hour after we returned to the house, Oliver presented himself at the door saying:

"Miss Caroline, shall I trouble you for a cup to get a drink of water?"

Carry accompanied him to the well, where they lingered some time, and when she returned her face was sunshiny and cheerful as usual.

The day went slowly by, dinner was prepared and removed, scarcely tasted; aunt Carry wrought at her fringe, and grandmother moved softly about, preparing teas and cordials.

Toward sunset the sick man became easy, and expressed a wish that the door of his chamber might be opened, that he might watch our occupations and hear our talk. It was done accordingly, and he was left alone. My mother smiled, saying, she hoped he might yet get well, but my father shook his head mournfully, and answered—

“He wishes to go without our knowledge.”

He made ample provision for his family always, and I believe had a kind nature, but he manifested no little fondnesses, nor did he wish caresses for himself. Contrary to the general tenor of his character, was a love of quiet jests, that remained to the last. Once, as Carry gave him some drink, he said—

"You know my wishes about your future; I expect you to be mindful."

I stole to the door of his room in the hope that he would say something to me, but he did not, and I went nearer, close to the bed, and timidly took his hand in mine; how damp and cold it felt! yet he spoke not, and climbing upon the chair, I put back his thin locks, and kissed his forehead.

"Child, you trouble me," he said, and those were the last words he ever spoke to me.

The sun sunk lower and lower, throwing a beam of light through the little window, quite across the carpet, and now it reached the sick man's room, climbed over the bed and up the wall; he turned his face away, and seemed to watch its glimmer up the ceiling. The atmosphere grew dense and dusky, but without clouds, and the orange light changed to a dull, lurid red, and the dying and dead leaves dropt silently to the ground, for there was no wind, and the fowls flew into the trees, and the gray moths came from beneath the bushes and fluttered in the waning light. From the hollow tree by the

mill came the bat, wheeling and flitting blindly about, and once or twice its wings struck the window of the sick man's chamber. The last sunlight faded off at length, and the rumbling of the mill-wheel was still; he has fallen asleep in listening to its music.

The next day came the funeral. What a desolate time it was! All down the lane were wagons and carriages and horses, for every body that knew my grandfather had come to pay him the last honors.

"We can do him no further good," they said, "but it seemed right that we should come."

Close by the gate waited the little, brown wagon to bear the coffin to the grave, the wagon in which he was used to ride while living. The heads of the horses were drooping, and I thought they looked consciously sad.

The day was mild, and the doors and windows of the old house stood open, so that the people could hear the words of the preacher. I remember nothing he said; I remember of hearing my mother sob, and of

seeing my grandmother with her face buried in her hands, and of seeing aunt Carry sitting erect, her face pale but tearless, and Oliver near her, with his hands folded across his breast, save once or twice, when he lifted them to brush away the tears.

I did not cry, save from a frightened and strange feeling, but kept wishing that we were not so near the dead, and that it were another day. I tried to push the reality away with thoughts of pleasant things in vain. I remember the hymn and the very air in which it was sung.

“Ye fearful souls fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.”

Near the door blue flagstones were laid, bordered with a row of shrubberies and trees, with lilacs, and roses, and pears and peach trees which my grandmother had planted long ago, and here, in the open air,

the coffin was placed, and the white cloth was removed, and folded over the lid. I remember how it shook and trembled as the gust came moaning from the woods, and died off over the next hill, and that two or three withered leaves fell on the face of the dead, which Oliver gently removed and brushed aside a yellow winged butterfly that hovered near.

The friends hung over the unsmiling corpse till they were led weeping, one by one away; the hand of some one rested for a moment on the forehead, and then the white cloth was replaced, and the lid screwed down. The coffin was placed in the brown wagon with a sheet folded about it, and the long train moved slowly to the burial-ground woods, where the words "dust to dust," were followed by the rattling of the earth, and the sunset light fell there a moment, and the dead leaves blew across the smoothly shapen mound.

When the will was read Oliver found himself heir to a fortune—the mill and the homestead and half the farm—provided he

married Carry, which I suppose he did, for though I do not remember the wedding, I have had an aunt Caroline Hillhouse almost as long as I can remember. The lunatic sister was sent to an asylum, where she sung songs about a faithless lover till death took her up and opened her eyes in heaven. The mother was brought home, and she and my grandmother lived at their ease, and sat in the corner, and told stories of ghosts, and witches, and marriages and deaths for long years. Peace to their memories! for they have both gone home; and the lame brother is teaching school, in his leisure playing the flute and reading Shakspeare—the only book he reads.

Years have come and swept me away from my childhood, from its innocence and blessed unconsciousness of the dark, but often comes back the memory of its first sorrow.

Death is less terrible to me now.

The Dumb Child.

She is my only girl;
I asked for her as for some most precious thing,
For all unfinished was Love's jeweled ring,
Till set with this soft pearl:
The shade that Time brought forth I could not see
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me!

Oh, many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto the deadened ear,
And suffered not the slightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay—
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play!

'T was long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me;
Waited and watched, God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived:
Vain love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me MOTHER, in the broken speech

That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart is sorely tried
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,—
Then moves her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;
While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair.

Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For he who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills he the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
E'en that His still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill!
Then should I grieve? — O murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play,
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even HER FATHER would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
Oh! at such times I know —
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild —
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

The Transparent Slate.

Happy, gentle, lovely and beloved, was little Mary Edwards. Ever glad to give others pleasure, ever willing to sacrifice her own wishes and comfort to do another a kindness, modest and obedient, it is not strange that her heart was light and joyous, and that she was beloved by all.—Perhaps, my little readers, you think she must have a great many things to make her happy, and very few things to trouble and annoy her; and therefore was she so sweet-tempered and amiable. No! not so; on the contrary, she had fewer external sources of enjoyment than children usually have. Her father could not afford to buy her many toys and story-books, nor did he often take her to places of amusement. She very rarely had any money of her own to spend, and never more than a penny or two at a time.

Those gratifications, however, which were occasionally afforded her, I believe she enjoyed with far greater zest than if they had been frequent. A single visit to the Menagerie was a thing for interest and wonder during many weeks afterward. Every plaything in her baby-house was of peculiar worth, because she had so few, and most precious was the care she took of every article. When, at one time, a lady sent her a pretty little chair for her doll, made and painted just like a real, large chair, Mary truly was happier than any princess with a hundred fine toys. As to her books, they too were few in number, yet Mary read them again and again, always with fresh interest and pleasure. A little volume of *Æsop's Fables*, in verse, and the "Child's Book on the Soul," were treasures indeed, in her estimation, and her enjoyment of these little books gave her a taste for reading, which proved a source of great pleasure and improvement as she grew older.—With such a disposition as this, finding recreation and enjoyment with very small means and in little things, with a heart full of love and kindness

toward every one, Mary was grateful for her blessings and contented with her lot.

Not by any means, as you will presently see, was she exempt from the trials and temptations of daily life. These come to all; to children as well as to older people, to rich and poor, to high and to low; though there are many kinds, and presented under every variety of circumstances. Little Mary had her portion. The same temptations from a sinful heart and from an evil world, beset her that now beset you, my little friends. She would sometimes give the hasty, thoughtless answer, or the sullen look; and at other times she wanted to do just as she pleased, instead of doing as her mother or teacher pleased. It was not always easy for her to tell the exact truth, even though it should prove her in fault. She occasionally felt mortified that her father was not as rich as some other girls' fathers were, and troubled because she was deprived of some advantages and pleasures that they enjoyed. Yet the better feelings would quickly return to her heart, and the peaceful expression of content-

ment to her face ; while, with sincere repenting for her faults, she was ever striving, as hard as any little girl I know, to overcome them all, and to do right continually. The still, low voice within, which chides us when we do wrong, and which approves us when we do right—that little guardian spirit, that is always faithful to us as long as we heed its teachings—you know well what I mean, dear children ; the injunctions of this friendly voice, little Mary understood, and usually obeyed. Happy indeed for us all, to heed this friend, to regard its counsel, to cherish it with watchful care for our guidance and comfort through life. Let me tell you how, on one occasion, when Mary was tempted to commit a great sin, she was saved from the deed by listening to the urgent voice of her conscience, warning her of her guilt and danger.

Mr. Edwards was treasurer of a certain religious society, which held its meeting every year in different towns of the state. A treasurer is a person who receives and takes care of the money that people pay to the society.

At one time, this society held its meetings in the place where Mr. Edwards lived, and some of the gentlemen attending it were invited to his house. Mary returning from school one day, found company in the parlor who were to remain to dinner. When her father came in, she observed a curious little bundle in his hand, of which he seemed to take very special care; with good reason she thought, when she found it to contain money; the money which, as treasurer, he had received that morning from different members of the society. Mary watched him with childish interest, as he untied the parcel, and emptied the money into a little basket. "Oh, father," she exclaimed, "a basket full of money! How many, how many dollars there must be! Please tell me, father, how much there is here?" "I do not know, my daughter," said he, "I am going to count it after dinner, and then I will tell you." "Is it yours, father?" she asked eagerly. "No, it is not mine; it belongs to the society; but I am to take care of it and see that it is used for good and benevolent purposes." Mary wanted her father

to tell her more about it, but he began to talk with a gentleman, and in a few minutes the dinner-bell rang, and they all went into the dining-room, except Mary, who was to wait, there not being room at the table.

For some time she remained standing by the little basket of money, taking up the bright pieces, one after another, reading the dates of different coins, and examining the faces with the deepest interest. She had never in her life before seen so much money together, and it seemed to her that there was enough to buy every thing one could desire. She wished that her father had as much—she was sure that he would give her some; and next she wished she had as much.

What could she not do with such a vast sum? “But it is n’t mine, and it isn’t father’s—not a penny of it,” said she; and turning away, somewhat reluctantly, she went out into the garden. Her thoughts, however, kept turning back to the money, the basket full of money, that could work so great things, and she could not resist the feeling that it would make her far happier to have plenty of money.

Just then, Ellen Morris, a little schoolmate who occupied the seat next to hers, passed the garden, and seeing Mary, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mary, I want to show you something. See what a beautiful slate father has bought me with all these pictures to draw, and this set of pencils. Are they not nice?" "Yes, indeed," said Mary, in a tone as animated as Ellen's; "it is a transparent slate, isn't it? Oh, what pretty, pretty pictures, and so easy to draw, too! Don't you like to draw, Ellen? I do, almost as well as to read;" and the little girls sat down together upon a green bank, and examined slate, picture and pencils, in every part, with delightful satisfaction.

"I wish I had a transparent slate," said Mary.

"Oh, I'll lend you mine, sometimes," said the generous little Ellen, "I am sure you would be as careful of it as I should be."

"Thank you," returned Mary, "but I would so much rather have one of my own, to use all the time."

"Ask your father to buy you one; I am sure he will," said Ellen, gathering up her

treasures carefully. "I must hurry home, now, to dinner. Come to school early this afternoon, Mary, and we'll draw together a little while."

Mary closed the gate after her friend, and then, with a light skip and jump, hastened into the house. The company had not quite finished dinner, and were busily engaged in conversation. So Mary stayed in the parlor, and going up to the table again, began to amuse herself with the money.

"Ah," thought she, "this money would buy slates enough for all the little girls I know;" and as she handled over the bright halves and quarters of a dollar, the pretty dimes and half-dimes, she wished more than before that a part, a small part of it was her own—just enough to buy a transparent slate, like Ellen's, and she would ask no more. "This new, beautiful quarter, thought she, taking up one of the pieces and clasping it tightly in her hand, "oh, if this were only mine, I have no doubt it would buy me a slate."

And the other pieces she put back again in the basket, but this she kept out, to look at,

and she turned it over and over in her hand, until the desire to possess it became overpowering.

"Father will not miss it—just this one little quarter," thought she; "he doesn't know how much there is here, for he told me he hadn't counted it. I am sure there doesn't seem any less in the basket if I take out just this one piece. Nobody will know it; how can they? and I shall have a beautiful transparent slate of my own. Yes, I do think I may as well take it;" and with a tighter grasp she held the money in her little hand. "But then," thought she, "it isn't mine, and I ought not to keep it. It is stealing to take what belongs to others. Oh, I cannot steal;" and she opened her hand to take one more look at the tempting treasure that she held, intending to return it directly to the basket. Yet still she gazed—unsatisfied, uncertain, hesitating.

Ah, Mary, Mary, we tremble for her! She is endangering her dearest interests to trifle thus: the temptation is so strong! Oh, will she yield? Where is now the voice whose

warning she has ever before been ready to hear? Is it still and silent within her?

No, it does not speak. It is that same faithful voice which now tells her that to take that money would be stealing, and while she heeded it, she felt strong to withstand, and said, "I cannot steal." But the sight of the money again, and the desire to possess the slate overpowered the voice of conscience, and once more she seized that shining coin with a quick, resolute motion, pushed the basket farther from the table, and said, "why need I be so afraid? Surely no one can ever know it."

And does she indeed commit this deed? Is little Mary Edwards a thief? Oh! it cannot, must not be.

Mary had put the money into her pocket, and thought she would buy the slate on her way to school. If she had been practiced in arts of deception, she would have questioned how she could manage to keep her slate out of sight all the time, that no one of the family might know she had it; but Mary had never committed an act of this kind before,

and had never wished to conceal any thing, so she did not now consider the consequences of her dishonesty.

For several minutes she sat by the window, thinking intently of the pleasure of possessing the beautiful slate upon which her heart was set; yet with all her pleasure, there was mingled a feeling of such uneasiness, such a consciousness of guilt and such a fear of discovery that she trembled violently. Again the hidden monitor arose within her, and now its tones were louder, and its words more impressive than before. "Yes, I have taken this piece of money for my own," thought she, striving, though in vain, to justify herself, "but in doing this, what have I become? A thief? Yes, a thief. I, a sabbath-school scholar, studying the holy Bible, wherein God says, 'thou shalt not steal;' I, who have been taught the sin of taking what belongs to others, ever since I can remember. What would my father say if he knew what I had done? What would my dear, kind mother say, if she could see all that is in my heart? Oh! how ashamed I should be, if she ever

should find it out? Well, even if they should not, God would know it all the time. He sees me always—yes, even now, this very moment. Oh! I cannot take it; I must not steal, how very wicked I have been!”

Mary took the money quickly from her pocket, put it into the basket, and left the room. A feeling of relief came over her, which it would be impossible to describe. She seemed like one who had been tightly held by some powerful hand, and forbidden to move, suddenly set free; free to breathe, to will, to act for herself; while the thought of the sins she had permitted in her heart, struck her with a horror from which she shrunk. The single half hour since Ellen left her, seemed like a long period of time; so various, so deep, so conflicting had been the workings in her breast.

When summoned to dinner, Mrs. Edwards observed something unusual in Mary's appearance, and asked tenderly, “what ails you, my daughter?” “Me, mother?” said she, looking up suddenly, then blushing and dropping her eyes again, for it seemed that every

one, and especially her mother, could read her inmost soul; "nothing ails me, only I cannot eat my dinner; please excuse me, dear mother; and she burst into tears before she could escape from the room. Mrs. Edwards wondered much what had so affected her cheerful little girl, but forbore to press her with questions just then.

"Have you asked your father for a slate, Mary?" was Ellen's first question to her friend, in the afternoon.

"No, Ellen, it is no matter about it. I do not care so much about it as I did at first, and I will watch you while you draw, and I can do some of the pictures on my common slate, which will do very well."

"Oh, but I wanted so much that we should both have them alike," said Ellen.

"I should be very happy, it is true, to have a transparent slate, but I can also be happy without it, Ellen," said she in a low voice; and she felt at that moment such a calm, quiet assurance that she had done right, and had overcome temptation, that the sacrifice of every pleasure in the world seemed to be

a very small matter. Truly there is no happiness like that which a good conscience affords.

A few days after this was the Sabbath. Mary prepared her lesson with careful diligence, and attended all the services of the day with unusual interest. Her mother observed it, and she also noticed how happy, and cheerful and contented she appeared; how obedient and kind. Really it made her love her little girl very much to see so sweet a spirit actuating her. After tea they were in the garden together, enjoying the beauty of the scene at that still hour. Mary drew closer to her mother's side, and attempted two or three times to speak. Finally, with a great effort, she said, "mother, may I tell you something? It is very, very bad. You will be grieved—oh! so grieved, for I am sure you would never have thought of it; but I feel that I ought to tell you."

"Certainly, my darling, tell me whatever you wish without the slightest fear; and Mary related every particular of the events of that day when she had been so fearfully

tempted to steal. Mrs. Edwards listened with a hearty interest, and the tears fell on little Mary's hand—tears of sympathy, of gratitude and love.

“Thank God, my child,” said she fervently, “that you were saved from doing that deed of sin. Oh, may the suffering you have experienced, and the lesson you have learned, with his blessing added, strengthen you to resist future temptation. Listen carefully to your conscience, Mary; do nothing which it forbids, obey what it requires, and with God's willing grace to help you, you shall not be overcome of evil.”

The Fallen Grove.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I look'd, and where the ancient grove
Upreared its depth of shade,
And held communion with the skies,
A dreadful chasm was made.

The kingly oak, that every year
A broader shadow threw —

.

The stately elms, that side by side
In holy friendship grew,—

The slenderer trunks that upward towered
In strong and graceful trust,
With all their honors, all their crowns,
Are prostrate in the dust.

With wild despair the shrieking birds
In broken circles fly,
Whose peaceful nests and infant young
All crushed in ruin lie.

And whither shall they spread the wings—
Sad wanderers of the air,
In their bewildering grief to find
Another home so fair?

Oh glorious Trees! that age on age
Matured to stature tall,
And with pure life-blood filled your veins—
Thus in an hour to fall;—

Thus mournfully to pass away
In all your strength and prime,
Like chieftains on the battle-field
Cut down before their time.

It had not been so hard to see
Your blessed heads laid low

Mid tyrant Winter's dreary reign
Of nakedness and woe!

Or if some fierce Euroclydon
In its tornado path,
Had swept you rootless from your place,
The martyrs of its wrath!

No,—not so hard, as stroke by stroke
The woodman's ax to hear,
That cut away the living heart
Of what was once so dear.

Ye were my friends—I marked your smile
When the young day was born,
And glad Aurora dipped in gold
The vestments of the morn;

And when the fervid noontide ray
Flamed through the sultry air,
Methought the Angel of the trees
Spread his cool pinion there;

And when the sunset's crimson beam
Made all the welkin glow,
A thought of heaven was in your hearts
To shed on those below.

Then oft while checkering moonlight fell
Yon woven boughs between—

True lovers' vows were interchanged
Beside your altars green;

Or on the hermit-seat, whose screen
Repelled the intrusive eye —
Though still the silver-footed stream
Ran, softly listening by.

No more, 'neath your embracing arms
Shall troops of children play,
Rejoicing 'mid your sacred glades
To keep their holiday.

Nor to the harebell at your feet
The asclepias bright with dew,
Shall yet the same protection show
That Heaven vouchsafed to you.

O'erflowing rains the streams may swell,
That freshly laved your feet —
But never more your quivering leaves
Its kiss of rapture meet.

The healing dew to vigorous health
May the sick plant restore —
But on your canopy sublime
It resteth never more.

Sweet Spring shall wake the tiniest seed
That slumbereth in the mould,

And touch the violet's eye with blue,
The cowslip's crest with gold —

But ah!—o'er your dismantled forms
Breathes no reviving spell.
And if for 'us, who mourn your lot
And sadly breathe farewell,

Frail earth should from remembered things
Both name and image blot,
And even the hearth-stone where we dwelt
Be by our race forgot.

Oh Trees of God!—fast by His Throne
With verdure never sere,
May we beneath your shadow walk,
And no destroyer fear.

Golden Hints to Tradesmen.

BY CHARLES S. HILLIARD.

We are all inclined to pursue too keenly, and to value too highly, what is called success in life, which means a good estate, a distinguished social position, power, influence, and consideration. All the elements that mould

the growing mind tend to strengthen this passion. Open the common biographies, which are written for our children, and what do you find set down in them? This man, when he was a boy, was docile, diligent, and frugal; he studied hard; he was never idle, and never naughty; he made friends; he acquired knowledge; he laid up all the money he earned. And what was the result? He became prosperous and powerful and rich; he held high offices and enjoyed great honors, and was esteemed and exalted. If you do likewise, you will be what he was, and gain what he gained. This is but another form of appealing to the love of excelling, rather than the love of excellence—that inferior motive, which, though it may quicken the faculties, dims the beauty of the soul. I confess, that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly

prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that “the world knows nothing of its greatest men,” but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which “die and make no sign;” there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

In the mercantile profession, the acquisition of property is the obvious index of success. A successful merchant is a rich merchant. The two ideas can hardly be disjoined. Thus the universal passion for the prizes of life is apt, in your case, to take its lowest form, that of the love of money. I would hold up no fanatical or ascetic views of life for your admiration and applause. Wealth brings noble opportunities, and competence is a proper object of pursuit; but wealth and even competence may be bought at too high a price. Wealth itself has no moral attribute. It is

not money, but the love of money which is the root of all evil. It is the relation between wealth and the mind and character of its possessor, which is the essential thing. It is the passionate, absorbing, and concentrated pursuit of wealth—the surrendering of the whole being to one despotic thought—the starving of all the nobler powers in order to glut one fierce and clamorous appetite—against which I would warn you. This form of idolatry will not only check intellectual growth, but it is adverse to all delicacies and refinements of virtue. I know that there is a certain coarse morality which draws its nutriment from the soil of the dustiest heart. I know that to steal and commit forgery and swindle, lead, in the long run, to poverty, as well as to shame. But there is a border-land between unblushing knavery and virgin honesty, into which successful forays may be made under the cloud of night and secrecy. We say that honesty is the best policy, but no man is honest who acts from mere policy; and it is also not true that the best honesty is the best policy. The most serviceable

honesty, like the most current coin, is that in which the fine gold of virtue is mingled with the alloy of worldly thrift. The most successful man of business, other things being equal, is he whose habitual course of dealing is so far upright as to admit of occasional slight deviations, and thus give the color of integrity to acts in themselves doubtful. There is such a thing as a "losing honesty," which never deliberates and never parleys, which is as pure as the snow "that's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er;" an honesty sometimes crowned with brilliant success, but more commonly dwelling with modest fortunes and a lowly estate.

Let me also caution you against too exclusive a devotion to your profession, upon grounds connected with the growth of the mind, and its consequent capacity alike for improvement and enjoyment. We are all in danger of becoming "subdued to what we work in, like the dyer's hand." With men engaged in some one absorbing pursuit, the accidental is always encroaching upon the essential, and the part is eating up the whole.

In manual occupations where only one set of muscles is exercised, a partial deformity ensues, and those which are unused lose in time their power of action. The mind, too, is in like manner affected with partial paralysis and partial distortion. This is a world of inflexible compensations. Nothing is ever given away, but every thing is bought and paid for. If, by exclusive and absolute surrender of ourselves to material pursuits, we materialize the mind, we lose that class of satisfactions of which the mind is the region and the source. A young man in business, for instance, begins to feel the exhilarating glow of success, and deliberately determines to abandon himself to its delirious whirl. He says to himself, "I will think of nothing but business till I have made so much money, and then I will begin a new life. I will gather around me books, and pictures and friends. I will have knowledge, taste and cultivation, the perfume of scholarship, and winning speech and graceful manners. I will see foreign countries and converse with accomplished men. I will drink deep of the

fountains of classic lore. Philosophy shall guide me; history shall instruct, and poetry shall charm me. Science shall open to me her world wonders. I shall then remember my present life of drudgery as one recalls a troubled dream when the morning has dawned." He keeps his self-registered vow. He bends his thoughts downward and nails them to the dust. Every power, every affection, every taste, except those which his particular occupation calls into play, is left to starve. Over the gates of his mind he writes in letters which he who runs may read, "no admittance except on business." In time, he reaches the goal of his hopes; but now insulted Nature begins to claim her revenge. That which was once unnatural is now material to him. The enforced constraint has become a rigid deformity. The spring of his mind is broken. He can no longer lift his thoughts from the ground. Books, and knowledge, and wise discourse, and the amenities of art and the cordial of friendship, are like words in a strange tongue. To the hard, smooth surface of his soul, nothing genial,

graceful, or winning will cling. He cannot even purge his voice of its fawning tone, or pluck from his face the mean, money-getting mask which the child does not look at without ceasing to smile. Amid the graces and ornaments of wealth, he is like a blind man in a picture gallery. That which he has done he must continue to do. He must accumulate riches which he cannot enjoy, and contemplate the dreary prospect of growing old without any thing to make age venerable or attractive; for age without wisdom and without knowledge is the winter's cold, without the winter's fire.

As we are all too much given to make an idol of success, so we shape our lives with reference to this worship. In our calculations, we lay aside the adverse chances. Hence, if we do not achieve success, we are apt to fall into gloomy despair, or bitter repining, or heart corroding envy. The self-exaggeration of adversity is quite as dangerous to the health of the soul, as the self-exaggeration of prosperity. But though fortune and power are desirable things, yet more desirable is

that mood of mind which can see them denied without a murmur. My young friends, these considerations come close home to you. You are aware of the inexorable statistics of trade and commerce. You know how few there are that have not, at some period in the course of their business life, encountered disaster and embarrassment. You know how many there are, that after long struggling with adverse fortune, have at last thrown up their hands, and declined into a recluse condition, and given themselves over to dumb despair. You are all looking forward with hope to the future, and already, in anticipation, grasping the prizes of life. But as the past has been, the future will be. Success and failure will be distributed among you in the same proportion as among your predecessors. Are you prepared to meet the drawing of a blank in the lottery of life? Can you stand and wait, and yet feel that you are still serving? Have you thought of furnishing yourselves with the moral and mental resources which will enable you to rise superior to disappointment and disaster, and to sit down

contentedly, if need be, with poverty? We shrink from poverty with unmanly weakness. We exaggerate its terrors, as we exaggerate the attractions of wealth. To our morbid apprehensions, it includes the sting of shame, the burden of self-reproach, the gloom of solitude and the anguish of a broken spirit. There is, indeed, a pitiless and soul-crushing poverty, which binds and seals the heart with an arctic frost, and shuts out the light of hope, and tries the temper of love, and steals from childhood its blessed prerogative of careless content and plants by the side of the cradle the lacerating thorns of life; but into this, no man in our country, of average capacity, need fall, except from his vices. There is also a milder and serener form of poverty, the nurse of manly energy and heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by love, and faith and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the time, and inquire what was their origin and

what were their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled on the lap of wealth? No; such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties, and privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants. They know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fiber in their frames. They put the vigor of a resolute purpose into every act. The edge of their minds is always kept sharp. In the shocks of life, men like these meet the softly-nurtured darlings of prosperity, as the vessel of iron meets the vessel of porcelain. Lift your hearts above the region of wild hopes and cowardly fears. Put on that even temper of mind, which shall be a shadow in success and a light in adversity. If wealth and distinction come, receive them in a thankful and moderate spirit. If they do not come, fill their places with better guests. Remember that all which truly exalts and ennobles a man is bound to him by ties as indissoluble

as those which link the planets to the sun.
Plant yourselves upon God's immutable laws,
and fortune and failure will be no more than
vapors that curl and play far beneath your
feet.

Prayers for All Men.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

My daughter, go and pray; see, night is come:
One golden planet pierces through the gloom;
Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
Listen! the distant wheels in darkness glide,—
All else is hushed; the tree by the road-side
Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

Day is for evil, weariness and pain.
Let us to prayer! calm night is come again,
The wind among the ruined towers so bare
Sighs mournfully; the herds, the flocks, the streams,
All suffer, all complain; worn nature seems
Longing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak,
While we are rushing to our pleasures weak

And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,
 Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,
 Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer
 On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. Oh peaceful cradle-sleep!
 Oh childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep
 Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
 So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
 Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
 Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

Pray thou for all who living tread
 Upon this earth of graves;
 For all whose weary pathways lead
 Among the winds and waves:
 For him who madly takes delight
 In pomp of silken mantle bright,
 Or swiftness of a horse;
 For those who, laboring, suffer still;
 Coming or going,—doing ill,—
 Or on their heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins,
 Until the day dawns bright,—
 Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
 The dance and banquet bright;
 Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
 Whilst pious hearts are offering
 Their prayers at twilight dim;

And who, those vespers all forgot,
Pursues his sin, and thinketh not
God also heareth him.

Child! pray for all the poor besides;
The prisoner in his cell;
And those who in the city wide
With crime and misery dwell;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams
For him who impiously blasphemes
Religion's holy law.
Pray thou,—for prayer is infinite,—
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

Kind Words.

Use them, Because they fall pleasantly on the ears of all to whom they are addressed, and it is therefore one of the ways of promoting human happiness.

Because they give an impression in your favor, and thus prepare the way for your greater influence over others for good.

Because kind words powerfully contribute to soothe and quiet your own spirit, when ruffled by the unkindness of others.

Because they show the difference between you and the rude, malicious or revengeful, and are suited to show them their wrong.

Because they are suited to stir up the kind affections of your own heart. There is sweet music in such a voice, rightly to affect the soul.

Because they are so uncommon, use them, that there may be more of such bright stars in our dark firmament.

Because they aid in carrying out the divine injunction, "Be courteous," "be kindly affectioned one to another."

Because you cannot conceive of any truly benevolent being who would not use them.

Because you have heard such words from your God, and hope to hear such words forever.

The Luxury of Luxuries.

BY W. HURTON.

Go, thou, and wipe away the tear which dims the widow's
eye;

Be a father to the fatherless, and still the orphan's sigh;
Help thou thy brother in distress with open hand and heart;
But do thou this when seen by none, save him who dwells
apart.

Rejoice with those of spirit glad, upraise the drooping head,
And to the wretched let thy words bring back the hope
long fled;

Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven, and for thy fellows live,
Be happy in the happiness thou canst to others give.

These are the heavenly luxuries the poorest can enjoy;
These are the blissful banquets of which men never cloy—
Rich and poor, old and young, know this as ye should—
The luxury of luxuries is that of doing good!

Influence of Natural Scenery.

BY E. L. MAGOON.

In contemplating the relative influence of scenery on mind, we shall probably conclude that mountains exert the greatest and most salutary power. The intellect of a people, in its primitive unfoldings amid elemental grandeurs, lies as it were in Nature's arms, feeds at her breast, looks up into her face, smiles at her smiles, shudders at her frowns, is adorned with her gracefulness and fortified with her strength. Beauty and sublimity are thus interfused and commingled with the whole substance of the mind, as the glow of perfect health mixes itself with the whole substance of the body, unthought of, it may be, until the world is reminded of its potent fascination in deeds the mightiest and most beneficent. The mind and works of individuals tend strongly to assimilate with the nature of their parent soil. Dr. Clarke thought that the

lofty genius of Alexander was nourished by the majestic presence of Mount Olympus, under the shadow of which he may be said to have been born and bred. Grand, natural scenery tends permanently to affect the character of those cradled in its bosom, is the nursery of patriotism the most firm, and eloquence the most thrilling. Elastic as the air they breathe, free and joyous as the torrents that dash through their rural possessions, strong as the granite highlands from which they wring a hardy livelihood, the enterprising children of the hills, noble and high-minded by original endowment, are like the glorious regions of rugged adventure they love to occupy. This is a universal rule. The Foulahs, dwelling on the high Alps of Africa, are as superior to the tribes living beneath, as the inhabitants of Cashmere are above the Hindoos, or as the Tyrolese are nobler than the Arab race. The physical aspect and moral traits of nations are in a great measure influenced by their local position, circumstances of climate, popular traditions, and the scenery in the midst of which they

arise. The transition from the monotonous plains of Lombardy to the bold precipices of Switzerland, is, in outward nature, exactly like that, in inward character, from the crouching and squalid appearance of the brutalized peasant, to the independent air and indomitable energy of the freeborn and intelligent mountaineer. The athletic form and fearless eye of the latter bespeak the freedom he has won to enjoy and perpetuate, the invigorating elements he buffets in hardy toil, and the daring aspirations he is fearless and fervid to indulge. Liberty has ever preferred to dwell in high places, and thence comes she down through fields and towns, revealing the glory of her countenance, and diffusing her inspiration through undaunted breasts.

“Of old sat freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

Within her palace she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind:
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.”

There is in the elements of our humanity, a perpetual sympathy with the accompaniments of its first development. Nearly all the heroism, moral excellence and ennobling literature of the world, has been produced by those, who, in infancy and youth, were fostered by the influence of exalted regions, where rocks and wilderness are piled in bold and inimitable shapes of savage grandeur, tinged with the hues of untold centuries, and over which awe-inspiring storms often sweep, with thunders in their train. This is the influence which more than half created the Shakspeares, Miltons, Wordsworths, Scotts, Coleridges, Irvings, Coopers, Bryants and Websters of the world; and without much personal acquaintance with such scenes, it is impossible for a reader to comprehend their highest individuality of character so as fully to relish the best qualities of their works.

Nearest allied to mountains in their natural effects, is the influence of oceans on national mind. The infinite is most palpably impressed upon the boundless deep; and wherever thought is accustomed with unimpeded

wing to soar from plains, or traverse opening vistas through towering hills, that it may hover over the azure waste of waters becalmed, or outspeed their foam-crested billows in wildest storms, there will literature present the brightest lineaments and possess the richest worth. The Greek was a hardy mountaineer, with the most delicate faculties of body and soul, but he was not imprisoned by his mountains. Whenever he scaled a height, old Ocean gleaming with eternal youth, wooed him to her embrace, in order to bear him to some happy island of her far-off domain. On every hand constantly appeared the two greatest stimulants on earth to emotion and thought. The voice of the Mountains, and the voice of the Sea, "each a mighty voice," were ever rousing and guiding him; each counteracting the ultra influence of its opposite. The sea expanded the range and scope of his thoughts, which the mountain-valleys might have hurtfully restrained. For want of this salutary blending of excitement and control, it is, perhaps, mainly owing that neither Tyre nor Carthage, notwithstanding

their power and wealth, occupies any notable place in the intellectual history of mankind. But to the Greeks, the waste of waters was an inexhaustible mine of mental wealth. They were an amphibious race, lords of land and sea. On shore and afloat they were eager listeners to the two great heralds, "Liberty's chosen music," calling them to freedom: and nobly did they answer to the call, when the sound of the mighty Pan was ringing on their soul, at Marathon and Thermopylæ, at Salamis and Platea.

Thirlwall and Frederic Schlegel have both called attention to the fact, that the literature of the West is different from the literature of the East, by the same character which distinguishes Europe from its neighboring continents—the great range of its coasts, compared with the extent of its surface. And Goethe suggests that "perhaps it is the sight of the sea from youth upward, that gives English and Spanish poets such an advantage over those of inland countries." Herein the great German undoubtedly spoke from his own feelings; for he never saw the sea till he

went to Italy in his thirty-eighth year; and "many-sided" as he was, he doubtless would have been a much greater and more comprehensive master, had he dwelt nearer the ocean strand. Francis Horn, in his survey of German literature, alludes to this point. "Whatever is indefinite, or seems so, is out of keeping with Goethe's whole frame of mind: every thing with him is *terra firma* or an island: there is nothing of the infinitude of the sea. This conviction forced itself upon me, when for the first time, at the northernmost point of Germany, I felt the sweet thrilling produced by the highest sublimity of Nature. Here Shakspeare alone comes forward, whom one finds everywhere, on mountains and in valleys, in forests, by the side of rivers and of brooks. Thus far, Goethe may accompany him: but in sight of the sea, Shakspeare is by himself." Solger, also dwelling far in the interior, lamented the necessary remoteness of a power, habitual converse with which, a chance view had assured him, would produce the noblest effects. He is speaking of his first sight of the sea:

"Here, for the first time, I felt the impression of the illimitable, as produced by an object of sense, in its full majesty."

Alfieri accustomed himself to lonely walks on the wild sea-shore near Marseilles, and those local influences gave a perpetual tone and energy to his mind. Every evening, after plunging in Neptune's domain, he would retreat to a recess where the land jutted out, and there would he sit, leaning against a high rock which concealed from his sight the land behind him, while before and around he beheld nothing but the sea and the heavens.

"Blue roll'd the waters, blue the sky
Spread like an ocean hung on high."

The sun, sinking into the waves, was lighting up and embellishing these two immensities; and there he passed many an hour in auspicious rumination and mental joy. Happy are they who love the scent of wild flowers in solitary woods, and with equal gladness listen to the melody of waters as they die along the smooth beach, or crash in thunder against the craggy coast. Thrice happy are the ardent worshipers at some mountain shrine, whence

they may contemplate a scene like this under "the opening eyelids of the morn," or when the bold outlines of great Nature's temple are thrown into fine relief against a sky crimsoned with sunset hues. The rising of day at sea, and descending day on the hills, are the most sublime and suggestive scenes man can view. The sun marries earth and ocean in harmony full of heavenly awe. This is felt at evening, when there is no filmy haze to break the softness of the west, where golden rays spread gently through the highest ether, and all is blended over the vast and glowing concave; or when in lurid splendor he glides from peak to peak, his rays flashed and reflected from cloud to cloud, as he sinks from hill to hill, presaging coming storms. Not less fascinating is the magic of light on blue, unruffled waters, sleeping undisturbed at early dawn, or gently curling their rippling surface to catch the dancing sunbeams and reflect their mimic glories. To one standing on earth, the god of day appears with weary pace to seek repose; but at sea he rises all fresh and glowing from his briny couch, not

in softened beauty, but full of dazzling splendor, bursting at once across the threshold of the deep, with the firm and conscious step of immortal youth. Then earth, air and sky, are all in unison, and their calm, sublime repose is rapture to the grandest souls. With Beattie's Minstrel, they are ready to exclaim—

“Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even.
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!”

Lakes, also, have a marked influence on mind. Switzerland has ever been a favorite resort for those who are rich in native endowment, and whose best wealth is elicited by contact with natural greatness. The most tumultuous spirits have greatest need of repose, and with keenest relish enjoy the placid and quiet feelings which belong peculiarly to a lake—“as a body of still water, under the influence of no current; reflecting, therefore,

the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky and surrounding hills; expressing also and making visible the changes of the atmosphere, and motions of the lightest breeze, and subject to agitation only from the winds—

“The visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake!”

Blessed are they that Mourn.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Oh! deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lid that overflows with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happy years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night,
And grief may hide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a happier, brighter shore
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gift deny,
Though pierced and broken be his heart,
And spurned of men he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all its children suffer here.

Lobed and Lost.

BY MRS. N. ORR.

In the dark still hours of midnight,
When the weary of earth are still,

I view on the disc of Remembrance
Scenes that causeth my heart to thrill.
Away in the shadowy distance,
With cradle, and rattle, and toy,
And a dear little white foot all shoeless,
Lies the pride of the house — my boy.
Beside him, with childish laughter,
Stands another, with curly hair,
That steals o'er her neck and shoulders,
And over her forehead fair;
And forth from her long dark lashes,
That shadow a rosy cheek,
Peeps a dark blue eye full of frolic,
Even more than her arched lips speak;
And near, with fairy-like motion,
Moves Zuè, my firstling — my joy,
Pet Zuè and Ida, the beauty —
And the darling, my own baby boy.

Strewn around are the gay autumn flowers,
Chrysanthemums, aster, and all;
And cold blows the wind of November,
And fast the bright raindrops fall;
And still in his cherub-like beauty,
Free alike from both sorrow and pain,
Lies the darling — no warmth from my bosom
Can arouse him to action again.

I bowed 'neath the mountain of sorrow
That avalanched down on my heart,
Crushing, and bruising, and tearing,
Each joy of my nature apart.
I asked not of Friendship her murmurs
Of sympathy pure and sincere;

What cared I, the wing of the angel
Of Death overshadowed me here.

One day in the dreary winter,
When twilight was gathering around
The folds of her star-gemmed curtain
To shadow the frozen ground,
I sat in my tearful anguish,
And told of that land above,
Where my nestling had fled in autumn
To dwell with the God of love.
Outspake then my darling Ida,
While her eyes seemed filled with joy,
"Mamma, may I go to Heaven
And live with your baby boy?
And, mamma, do you remember
How he stood by my little chair,
And kissed me over and over,
And played with my curly hair?
Oh, baby was full of mischief,
And his eyes were roguish and blue;
Mamma, he has gone to Heaven,
May I not to Heaven go too!"

Days rolled away, and the spring time
Came on with its gentle showers,
Loosing the frosty fetters
That bound down the beautiful flowers;
But my Ida lay moaning and writhing,
On her couch in fever and pain:
Oh! never, earth's lovely flowers,
Shall my darling gather again.

They parted the spring's first flowers,
And laid her adown to sleep

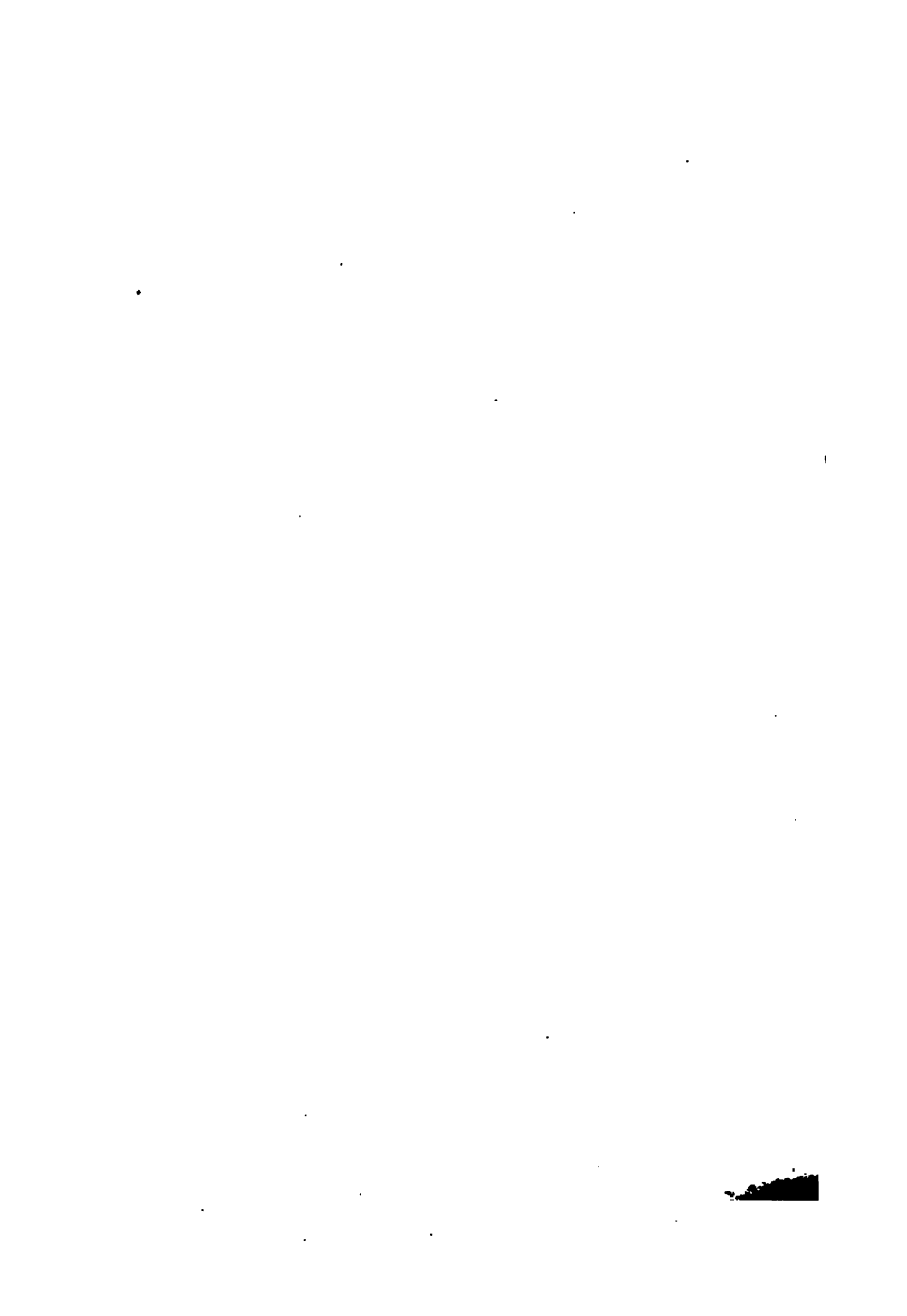
Close by her baby brother,
While we could only weep;—
Not that her sorrows were ended,
That her crown of light was won,—
But that we were weary watchers
Afar from the Father's throne.

When the shadows of even deepen
And the rose leaves by zephyrs are stirred,
I hear a low, flute-like murmur,
It sounds not like streamlet or bird.
And, with wet eyes upturned, I listen,
Catching sounds from a purer sphere,
Gentle voices that whisper "Mother,
Oh, come to us, mother dear,
Here amaranth flowers are blooming,
Earth hath not one so fair
Time is one circle of gladness,
Without a sorrow or care;
And shapes of Immortal beauty
Throng this bright world of Love
Come to the angel's home, mother
Come to *our* home above."

And oft in the shadowy distance
Two little hands appear,
Beckoning me on, and upward,
Away to another sphere.
And I wait in tearful anguish
For the loosing of life's chain,
When my spirit, freed from earth's fetters,
Shall greet my lost ones again.

Pleasures of Memory.

“HE was an accurate observer and a sound reasoner, who said: ‘Mankind are always happier *for having been happy*; so that, if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time among pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again.’ ”





the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has also become an important employer of women, with 50% of the public sector workforce being female in 1995. The public sector has also become an important employer of people with disabilities, with 10% of the public sector workforce being disabled in 1995.

The public sector has also become an important employer of people from ethnic minorities, with 10% of the public sector workforce being from ethnic minorities in 1995. The public sector has also become an important employer of people from the lower socio-economic groups, with 10% of the public sector workforce being from the lower socio-economic groups in 1995. The public sector has also become an important employer of people from the lower socio-economic groups, with 10% of the public sector workforce being from the lower socio-economic groups in 1995.

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